

# JAWS TOO!

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CHARLTON  
PUBLICATIONS

# SICK

PLUS

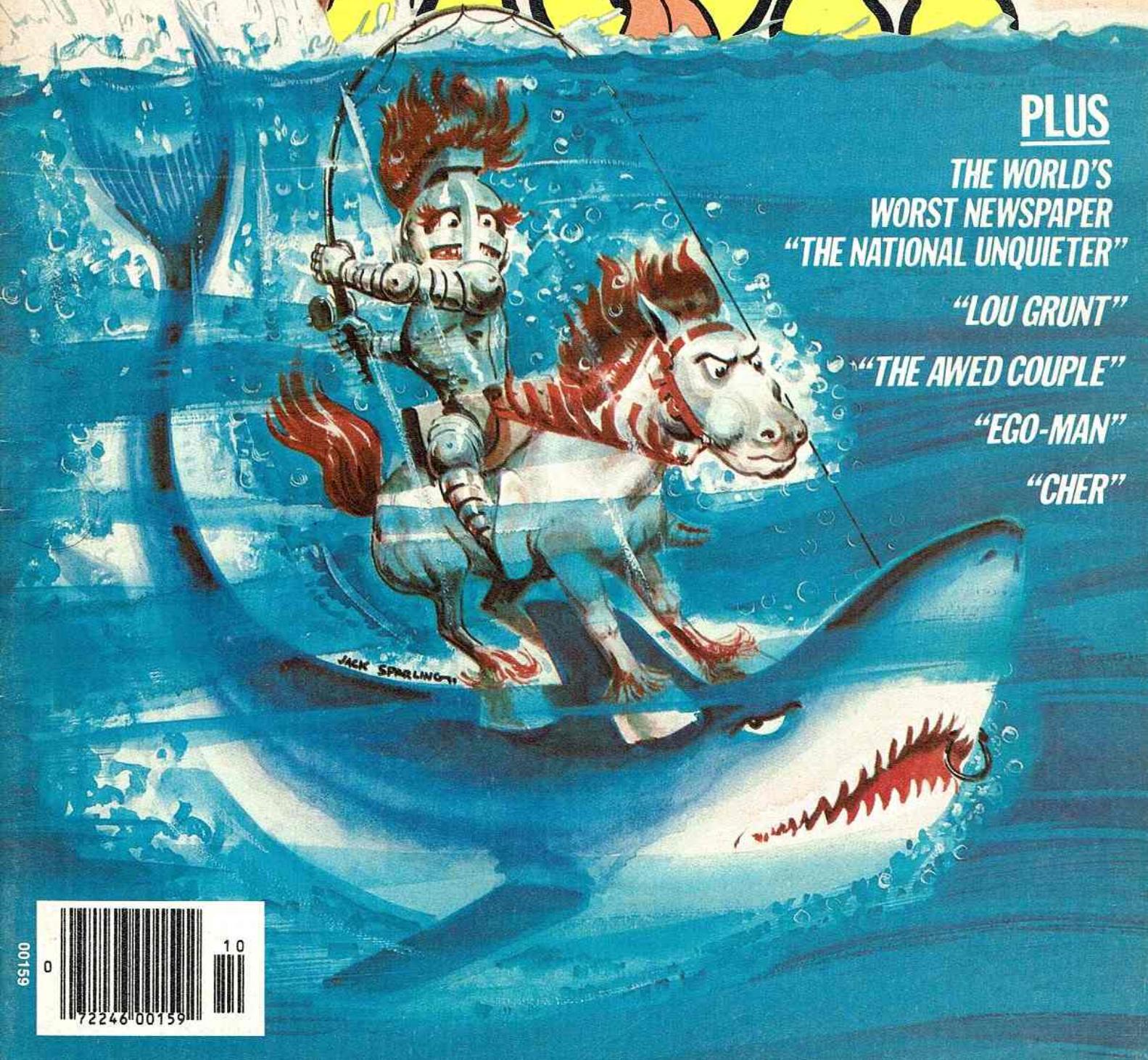
**THE WORLD'S  
WORST NEWSPAPER  
"THE NATIONAL UNQUIETER"**

**"LOU GRUNT"**

**"THE AWED COUPLE"**

**"EGO-MAN"**

**"CHER"**

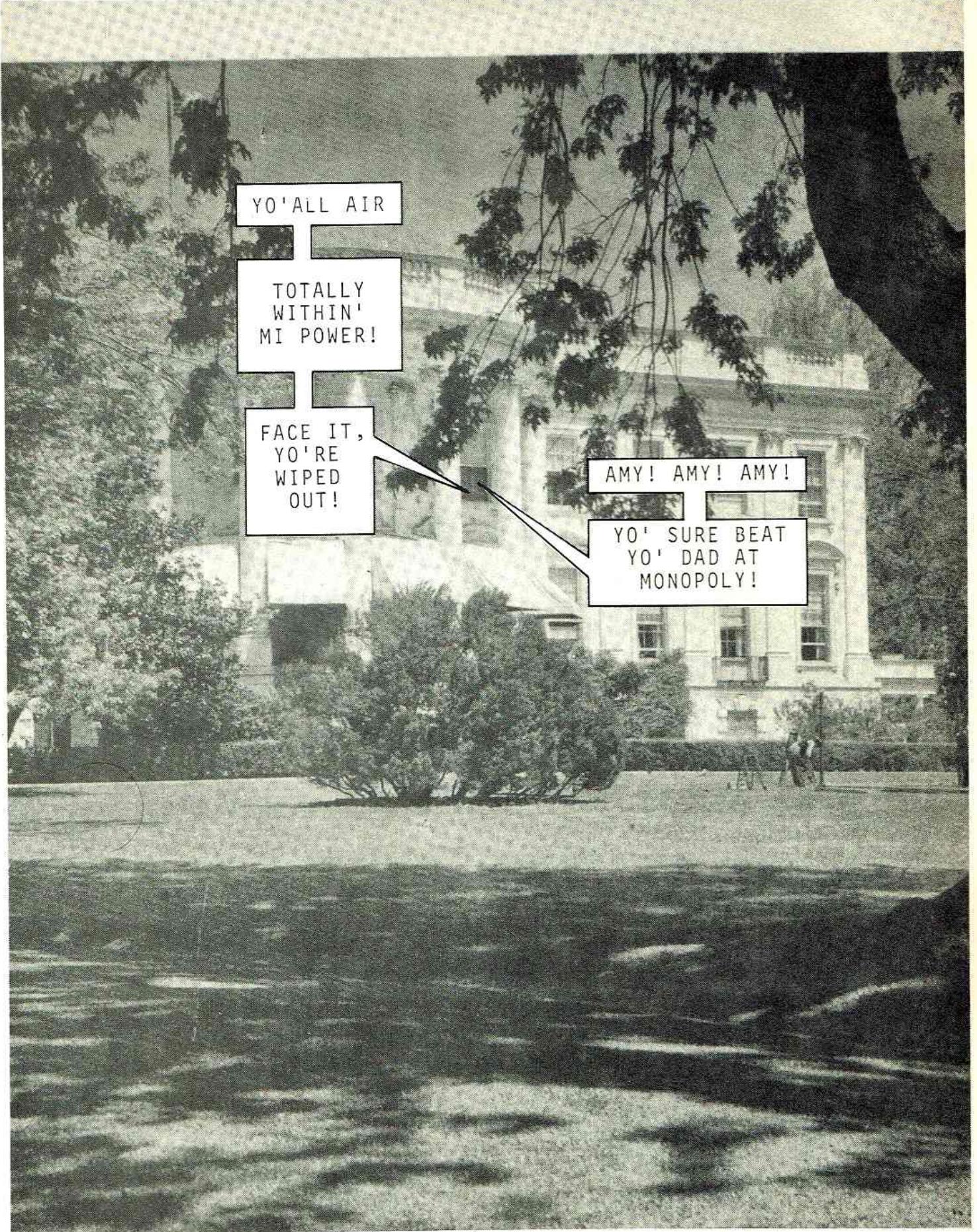


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YO' ALL AIR

TOTALLY  
WITHIN'  
MI POWER!

FACE IT,  
YO'RE  
WIPE  
OUT!

AMY! AMY! AMY!

YO' SURE BEAT  
YO' DAD AT  
MONOPOLY!

Publisher  
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**JOHN COFRANCESCO, JR.**

# SICK

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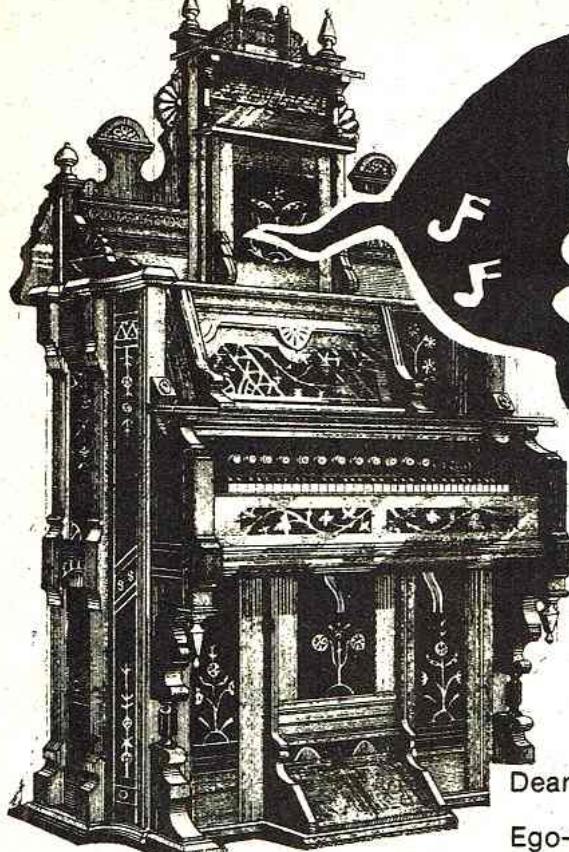
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DAVE MOULTHROP  
Photographer

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# SICK SCRAWLS!

Dear Sickies;

I split over Cher's sister...Ophelia, if you'll pardon a pun, she has just the bounce needed to round out Cher. I hope she stays a long time with her half sister.

Hopefully,  
John Fogerty  
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear John;

Ophelia Bunz has plans to stay; Cher has other plans. Plan to stick around and see.

Regards,  
The Editor

Dear Editor;

I got two beefs. Why don't we see more Cher, and why don't you print more letters from N.Y.C.?

Dis-gruntled,  
Murry Cummings  
New York City

Dear Murry;

All right and All right!

Y. O. S.  
The Editor

Dear Sick;

Ego-Man is my type! Well, he's not my type in the sense of having all those arms, but he's a doer!... He fouls things up, but he's doing somebody all the time.

Another doer  
Sammy Becker  
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sammy;

*It takes all kinds!*

The Editor

Dear Editor;

"Plan X from Planet Nerd", Really! ...That is too much! Oh, granted there is another planet in the galaxy just like ours, maybe there are hundreds. But, in your wildest imagination (and yours is), could you conceive of any as stupid as us?

Respectfully,  
Sussie Glass  
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Sussie;

You are correct! Any Planet that spends \$400 Billion dollars in just Twenty years, has extinction in mind!

Regretfully,  
The Editor

Dear Editor Sparling;

Yeah, your magazine is funny, but what are you doing about changing the world? It stinks!

Frustrated,  
Bessy Whitters  
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Bessy;

*A world that produces a single rose is not all bad. The world's two legged animals are its abomination and SICK can only nip at their heels.*

Regards,  
The Editor

Dear Sick;

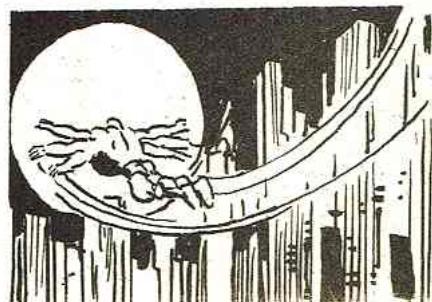
Ego-Man is great! In comics like everything else you've got to learn to read between the lies.

Sincerely,  
Robert Norder  
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Robert;

We wish we'd said that. And of course, we will.

Thanks Kindly,  
The Editor



Dear Sick;

Obviously you jest! Your Planet X thing... You leave us no hope. The thought of another planet so stupid they would look for T.V., and further compounding the insult to our fellow dwellers in this galaxy. That they, would seek to copy our T.V. drivel. Sirs, you strip us of every last vestige of the hope chest of our psyche.

Crushed,  
Thelma Middlecamp  
Long Island, N.Y.

Dear Thelma;

Sorry about that. Please take two aspirins and lie down on your astral plane.

Get Well Soon,  
The Editor

Dear Sick;

That Plan X from Planet Nerd... was just great...

Tom Browny,  
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Tom;

That's two of us who thought so!

Regards,  
The Editor

Dear Sick;

No Imagination what so ever!... What you would have is a combination of Ego-man's six arms around Cher...Wow!

A Future Editor,  
Harry Ghoonad  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Harry;

You do indeed show promise.  
Promise you won't do it again!

Regards,  
The Editor



Dear Sick;

For the life of me, I don't know why you don't turn your talents away from the tube and go to work on Washington D.C. There is a world of ridiculous situations you could satirize.

Malcolm Atter  
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Malcolm;

Washington D.C. is a Satire.

Regretfully,  
The Editor



Dear Sick;

My Daddy says the whole world is FLAT, flat broke. I like your book very much.

Stay Great,  
Gloria Jean Hackly  
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Gloria-Jean;

Listen to Daddy!

Regards,  
The Editor



Dear Sick;

The piece you did on "Moody Allen" was very good! However, it does start you thinking. Has this highly talented individual turned sour on a public who put him where he is? Much like that talented man of our grandfather's era, Charlie Chaplin? I wonder.

Bewildered,  
Mildred Whittier  
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mildred;

Beats the blazes out of us!

Regards,  
The Editor

# EGO-MAN

IN HIS IDENTITY AS EGO-MAN,  
STANLEY BOREMAN, HEAD OF  
MARBLE COMICS ("MARBLE, THE  
STONE AGE OF COMICS.")  
CEASELESSLY PROTECTS OUR YOUTH  
AGAINST EVERYTHING --EXCEPT  
COMIC BOOKS!

DAWN AT  
MARBLE COMICS

GONE! ALL MY BEST  
WRITERS AND ARTISTS,  
STOLEN FROM THEIR PEN!  
BUT HOW?  
WHO?

GOOD  
MORNING,  
MY  
TALENTED  
CHILDREN---

IT WATH TERRIBLE, UNCLE THtanley!  
BEFORE MY VERY EYETH, THE MOB  
FROM B.C. LURED THEM AWAY FROM UTH!

BUT WHAT COULD  
THEY HAVE OFFERED  
THAT I DIDN'T!!

MORE MONEY, IRONCLAD  
CONTRACTTH, PAYMENTTH  
FOR REPRINTTH ---  
JUNK LIKE THAT!

## THE BEASTS OF CROCKEFELLER PLAZA

AND, IN THE  
SINISTER  
ENVIRONS OF  
B.C. COMICS...

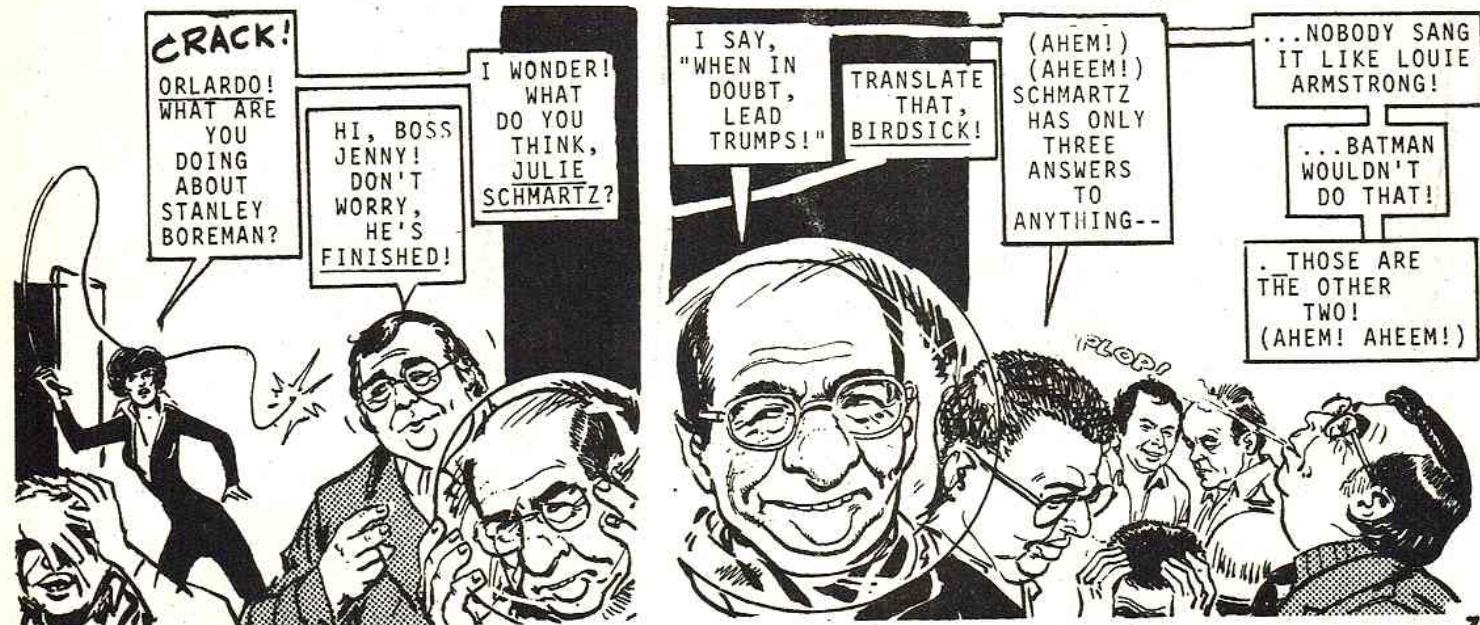
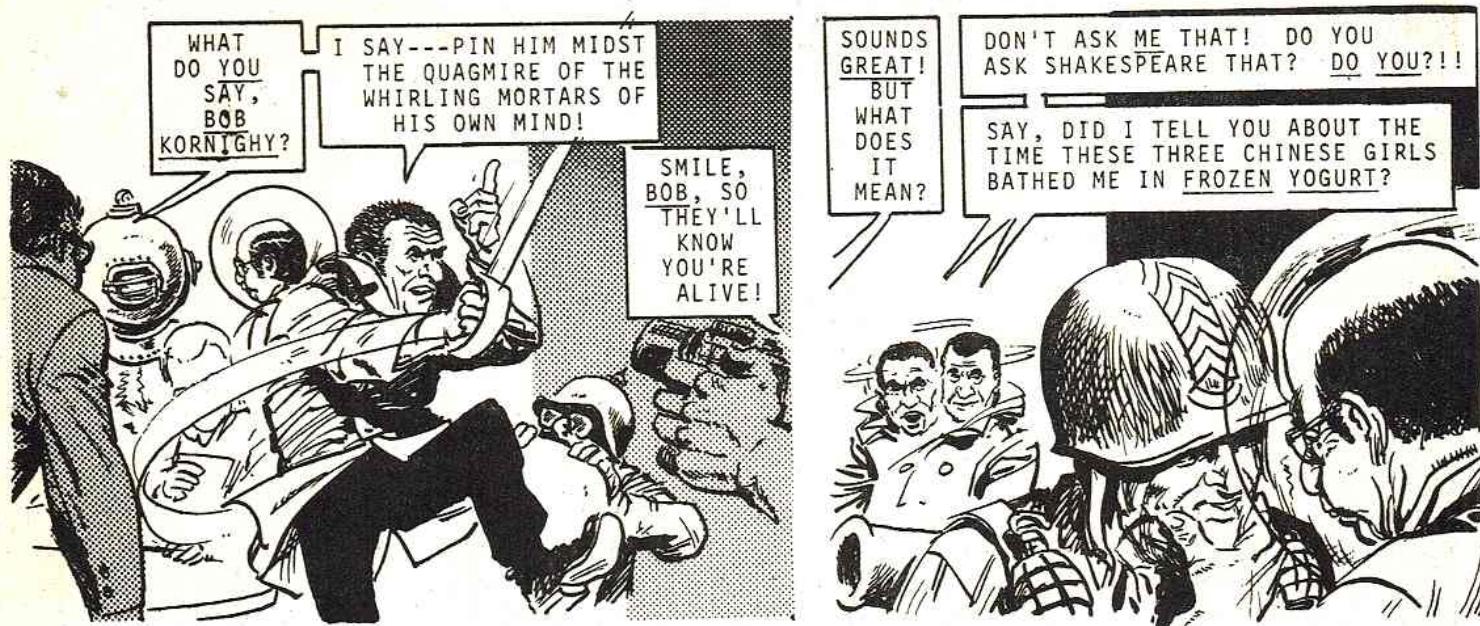
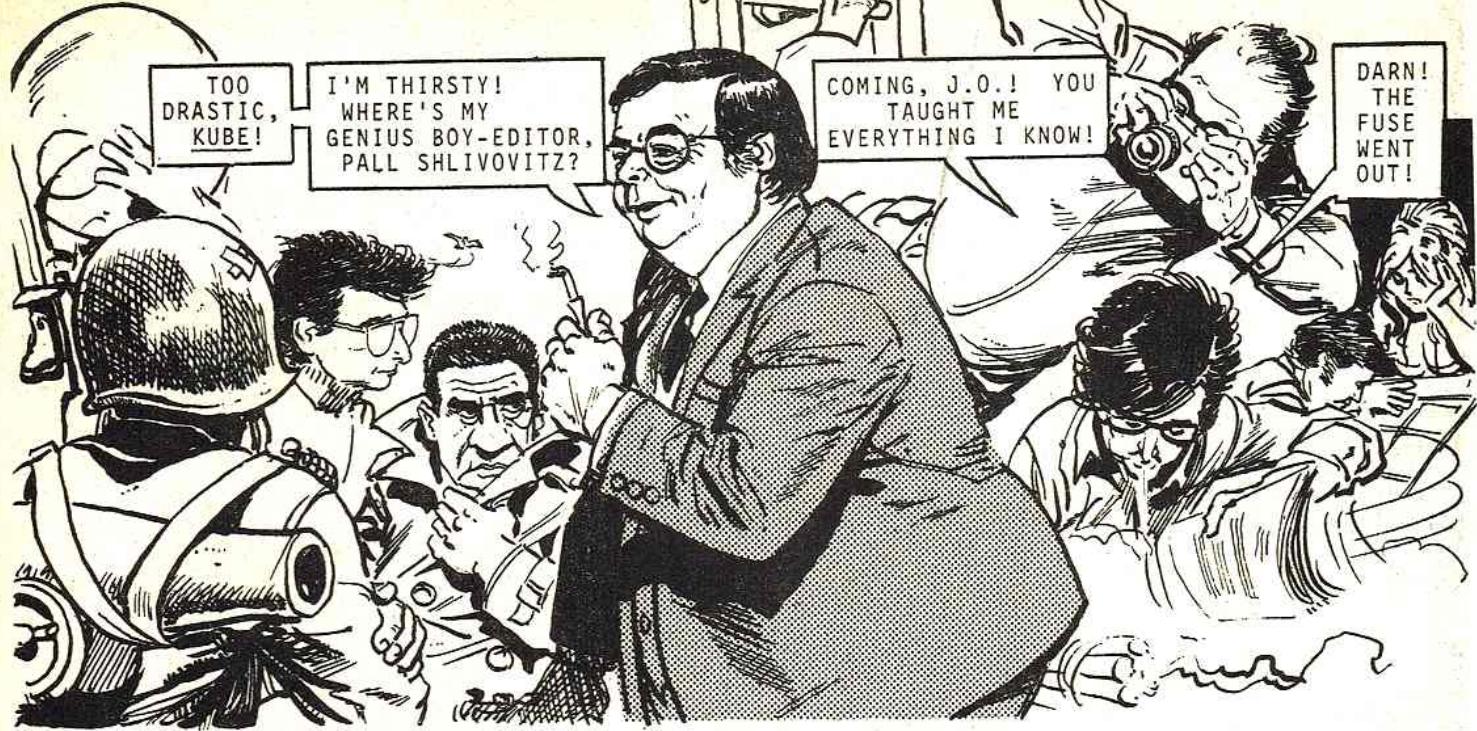
EVEN STEALIN'  
HIS TOP TALENT  
WON'T STOP  
STANLEY  
BOREMAN!  
SO WHAT NOW,  
JOE KUBE?

I SAY, CRUSH  
HIM WITH TANKS,  
PLANES,  
AND DEFOLIANT  
CHEMICALS!  
IT'LL MAKE  
HIS BEARD  
FALL OUT!

ONCE I KILL  
ORLANDO,  
I'LL BE THE  
YOUNGEST  
CHIEF EDITOR  
IN COMICS!

SMILE, JOE! THIS  
COULD BE AN  
HISTORIC MOMENT!!





NAIL BOREMAN'S  
SKIN TO THAT WALL  
OR YOU'LL BE BACK  
IN SICILY STUFFING  
OLIVES, ORLARDO!

I'LL STUFF  
SOMETHING,  
ALL RIGHT!  
I'LL...

IN THIS TOOTH-AND-CLAW  
JUNGLE, DAY AFTER DAY,  
CAN I RETAIN MY  
WOMANLY SOFTNESS?

THESE  
EXECUTIVE  
CONFRONTA-  
TIONS ARE  
KILLING  
ME! (GASP!)

OKAY, LET'S HEAR FROM  
A FREELANCER! THEY  
GET AN IDEA EVERY TEN  
YEARS OR SO!

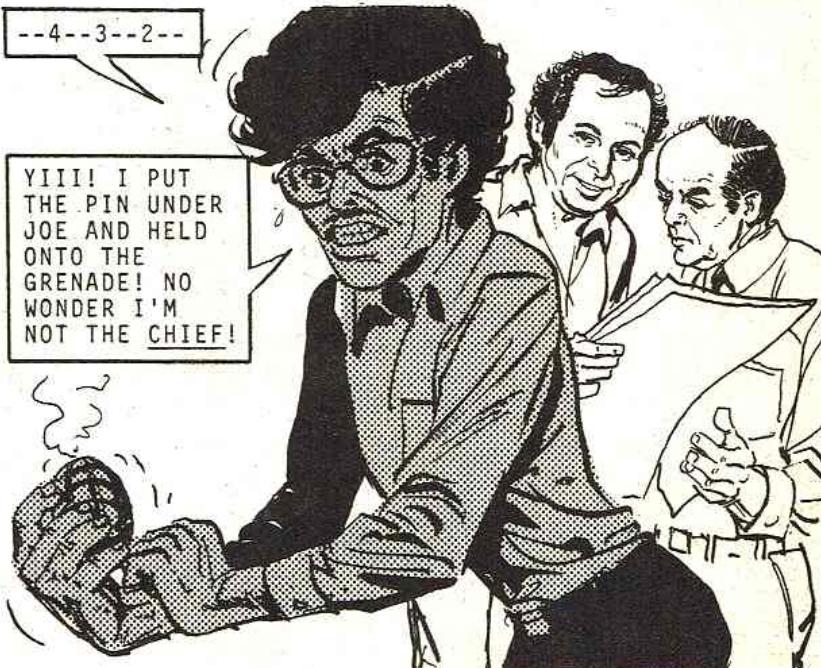
ANOTHER TEN  
SECONDS AND --  
NO MORE "BIG  
ENCHILADA"!

WHAT'S ON  
YOUR  
MIND,  
NEAL  
CADAMS?

A NEW ITALIAN FEATHER  
CUT! AND IT'S REALLY ME!

--4--3--2--

YIII! I PUT  
THE PIN UNDER  
JOE AND HELD  
ONTO THE  
GRENADE! NO  
WONDER I'M  
NOT THE CHIEF!



**BAROOOM!**

PALL! GO SEE WHAT THAT WAS!

(AHEM! AHEEM!) I THINK IT WAS BOSS JENNY HANGING UP THE PHONE!



WHAT WE NEED IS AN INSPIRATIONAL SPEECH FROM OUR PRESIDENT, SOL HERRINGBONE!

LET'S HEAR IT FOR "UNCLE SOL"! YAYYYY!



"BELOVED PARENTS, RESPECTED RABBI, HONORED FAMILY AND FRIENDS, TODAY ---

"-- I AM A MAN!"

HE'S BEEN GIVING THAT SAME SPEECH SINCE HE WAS 13!

"DON'T FUDGE WITH SUCCESS!" RIGHT?



**KRAASH!**

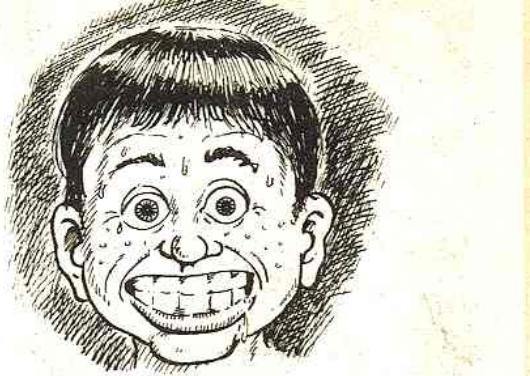
DON'T MOVE!  
A CRIME  
AGAINST COMICS  
HAS BEEN COMMITTED,  
AND EGOMAN  
MUST  
AVENGE IT!

MADRE MIA! THEY SAY  
HE CAN BORE A MAN TO  
DEATH AT FIFTY FEET!  
HOLD YOUR EARS AND  
RUN!





I MUST GO DOWN TO THE STANDS AGAIN, TO THE RACKS OF DIRTY BOOKS,  
WITH THE COVER SHOTS THAT EVEN MAKE ACCOUNTANTS TURN AND LOOK,  
AND ALL I ASK IS A CENTERFOLD TO MAKE MY PALMS PERSPIRE,  
AND MAKE ME PANT AND TURN MY MOUTH ALL FOAMY WITH DESIRE.



I MUST GO DOWN TO THE STANDS AGAIN,  
WHERE THE 'ZINES THAT THEY DISPLAY  
ARE JUST TOO HOT FOR SEX-STARVED  
FIENDS LIKE ME TO KEEP AWAY:  
I'LL SAVE MY PENNIES, BE REAL GOOD  
AND COUNT THE DAYS 'TIL I AM  
TEN YEARS OLDER; THAT'S WHEN MOMMY  
SAID SHE LET ME BUY 'EM!

I WANDERED DOWN A GREENWICH STREET  
WHEN TO MY EARDRUMS CAME A ROAR  
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A WHALE IN HEAT;  
THE SIGN UPON THE NIGHTCLUB DOOR  
SAID "V.D. VIDA AND THE SYPHS--  
INFLAMED HARMONICS; BURNING RIFFS."



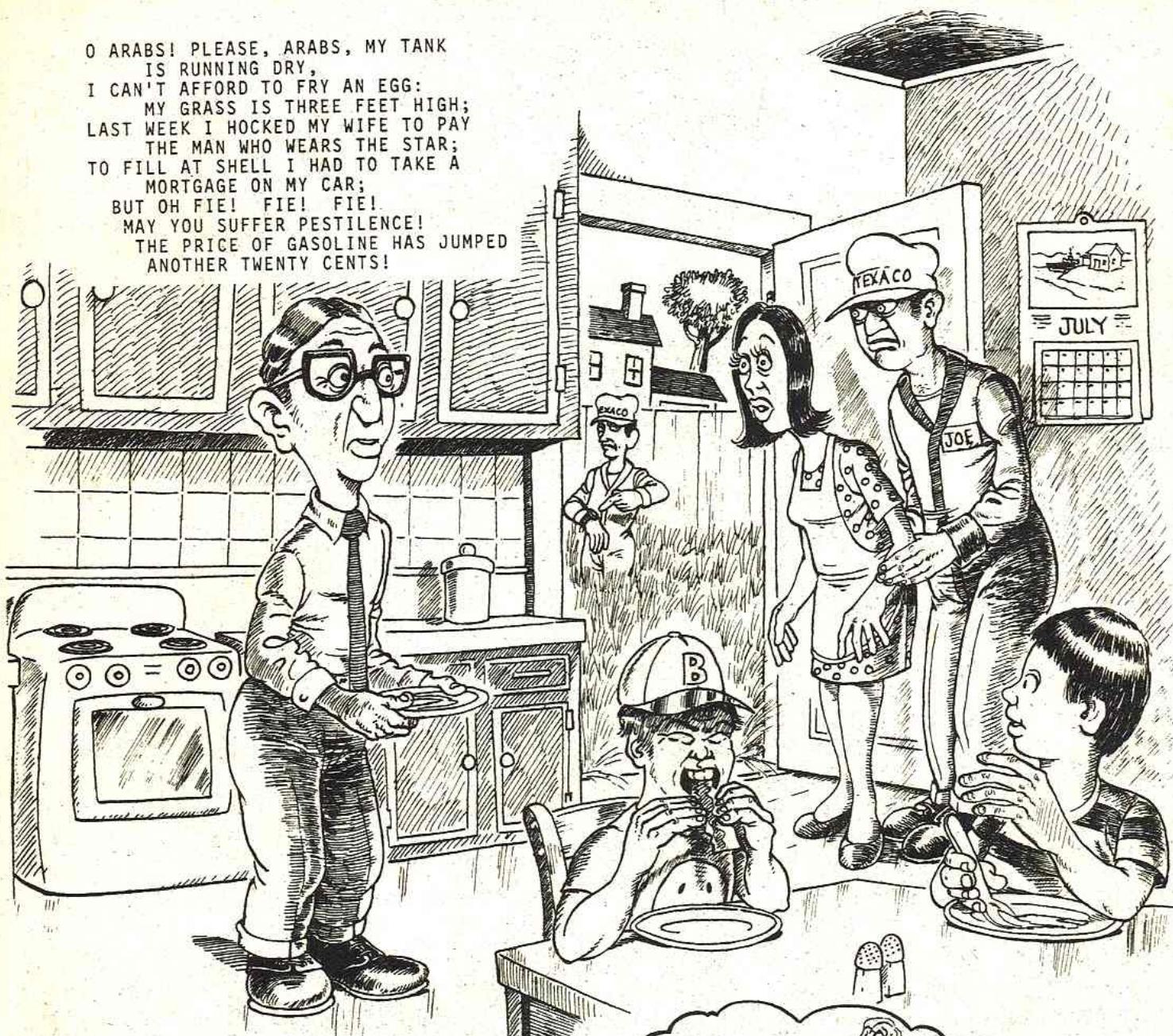
THE DRUMMER, IN THREE-QUARTER TIME,  
RAISED WELTS UPON THE BASSIST'S BACK;  
THE SINGER CAUSED HER PITCH TO CLIMB  
EACH TIME SHE TIGHTENED UP THE RACK;  
THE ORGANIST LOOKED SO AUSTERE  
WITH RIVETS DRIVEN THROUGH EACH EAR.



THEY MAY HAVE LOOKED AND SMELLED AS THOUGH  
THEY BATHED EACH DAY IN SEPTIC TANKS,  
BUT TO THEIR MUSIC I WILL OWE  
A DEBT OF NEVER-ENDING THANKS--  
FOR DISCO SONGS, UNLIKE BEFORE,  
DON'T MAKE ME VOMIT ANYMORE.



O ARABS! PLEASE, ARABS, MY TANK  
IS RUNNING DRY,  
I CAN'T AFFORD TO FRY AN EGG:  
MY GRASS IS THREE FEET HIGH;  
LAST WEEK I HOCKED MY WIFE TO PAY  
THE MAN WHO WEARS THE STAR;  
TO FILL AT SHELL I HAD TO TAKE A  
MORTGAGE ON MY CAR;  
BUT OH FIE! FIE! FIE!  
MAY YOU SUFFER PESTILENCE!  
THE PRICE OF GASOLINE HAS JUMPED  
ANOTHER TWENTY CENTS!



O PIPELINE! DEAR PIPELINE, YOU'LL  
RIGHT THIS DEADLY WRONG,  
YOU'LL FREE US FROM THE ARABS' HOLD,  
AND MAKE OUR COUNTRY STRONG;  
YOU'LL GIVE US FUEL ENOUGH TO RUN  
OUR CADS AND CONTINENTALS,  
WE'LL TELL THE SHEIKS TO SHOVE THEIR  
OIL DOWN THEIR ALIMENTALS,  
BUT PIPELINE! DEAR PIPELINE,  
YOUR GAS COSTS TWICE AS MUCH;  
I WONDER IF DETROIT COULD MAKE  
A CADDY WITH A CLUTCH?

BEFORE ENTERING THIS NEWSPAPER CHICKEN COOP, LET'S STUDY THE PECKING ORDER!

MRS. TENSUN PECKS  
MR. FUME!

IF THIS MATTER IS  
NOT RECTIFIED AT  
ONCE, YOU WILL BE  
PROPELLED FROM  
HERE ON YOUR  
POSTERIOR!

MANAGING  
EDITOR FUME  
PECKS CITY  
EDITOR GRUNT!

CITY EDITOR  
GRUNT PECKS  
CUB REPORT-  
ER BOSSI!

AND BOSSI PECKS THE  
PHOTOGRAPHER AND  
HOUSE HIPPY,  
BEASTIE!

STRAIGHTEN OUT  
THIS GAFF OR  
YOU'RE OUT ON  
YOUR  
RUSTY DUSTY!

YOU CLEAN UP  
THIS CRAP OR  
YOU'RE OUT ON  
YOUR KAZOO!

STRAIGHTEN  
OUT THIS  
CRAP OR I'LL  
BOOT YOU OUT  
ON YOUR TAIL!

SOUNDS  
LIKE KICKS!  
COULD YOU  
WEAR SPIKES?



# LOU GRUNT!

NOW HERE IT IS, THE NEWSPAPER SHOW THAT BITES DEEPLY INTO THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL  
ISSUES -- WITHOUT OFFENDING ANYBODY!

OKAY, WE'LL PICK  
OUR HEADLINE  
STORY NOW!  
FOREIGN NEWS?

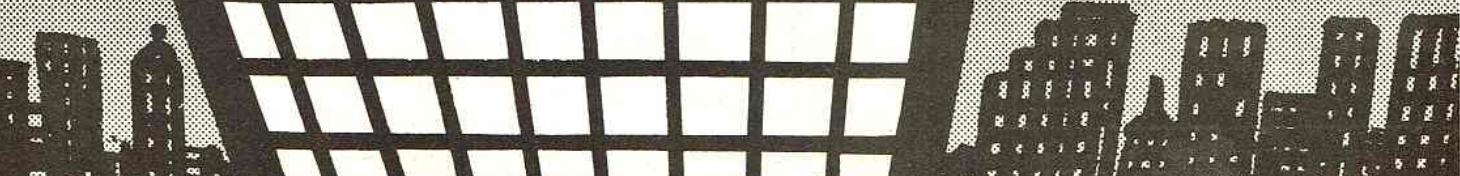
WE SUGGEST,  
"WAR IN AFRICA!  
CONTINENT  
AFLAME!"

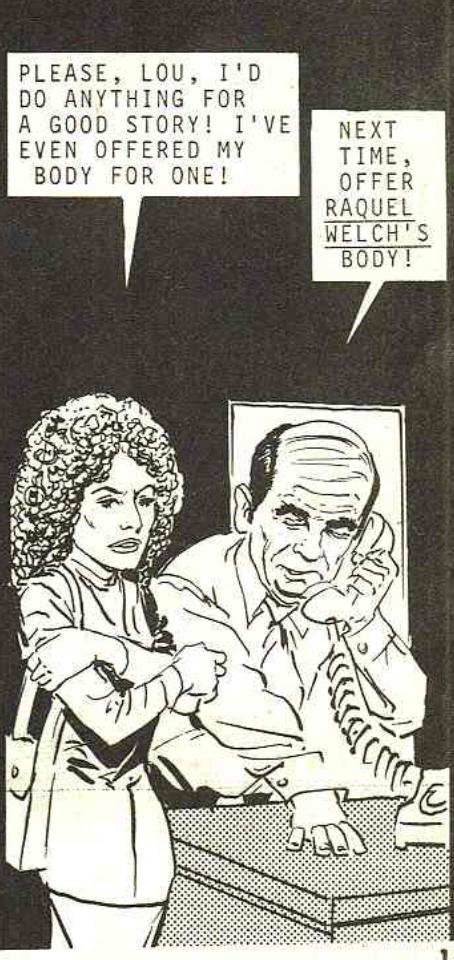
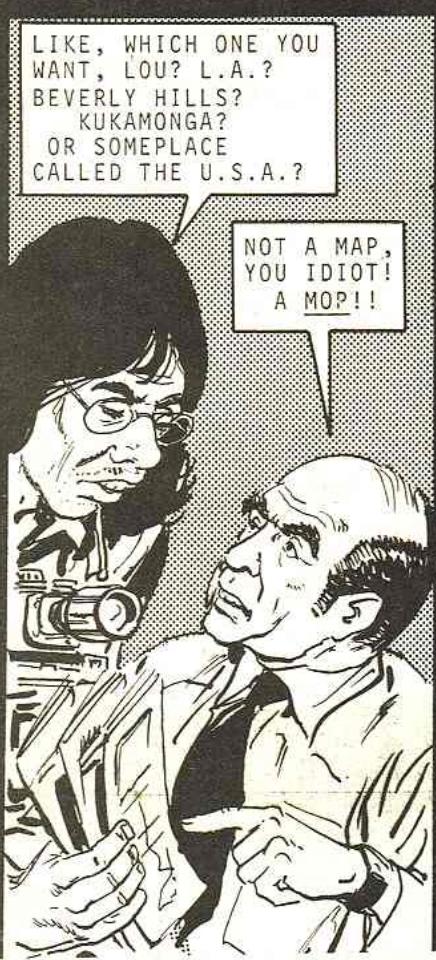
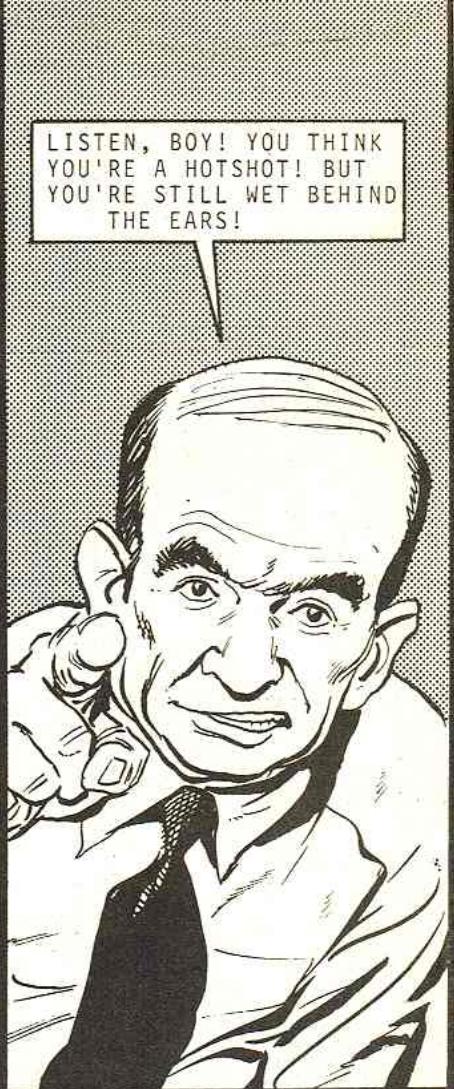
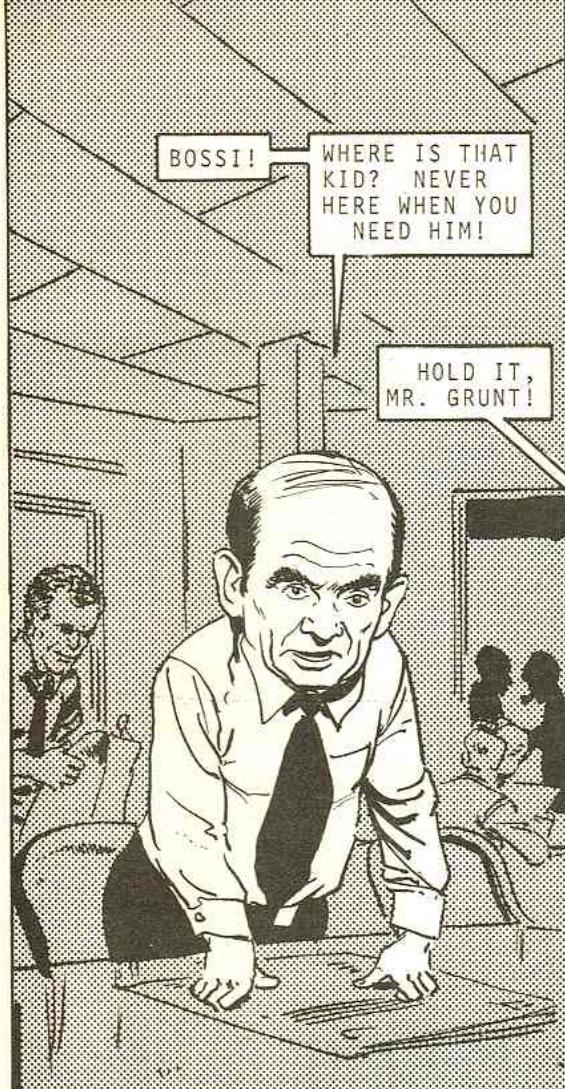
THE BUSINESS  
DESK LIKES,  
"MARKET DOWN  
20! WALL ST.  
PANICS!"

CITY DESK SHEEPISHLY  
OFFERS, "MAYOR CAUGHT  
NAKED IN LOVE NEST!"  
-- WITH PICTURES!

YOUR DIRTY  
HEADLINES  
WIN EVERY  
TIME, GRUNT!

DAILY BLAST





YOU RESENT ME BECAUSE  
I'M A WOMAN! BUT I  
CAN DRINK LIKE A MAN,  
SMOKE LIKE A MAN, AND  
CURSE LIKE A MAN ---

-- GOSH  
DARN,  
JIMMINY  
CRICKETS,  
BY GUM!

OKAY, YOU'RE A PAIR OF NOVICES,  
BUT, AS USUAL, I'M GOING TO  
GIVE YOU A STORY ANY REPORTER  
WOULD GIVE HIS EYETEETH FOR!

BECAUSE REPORTERS  
HAVE NO TEETH?

NO  
EYES?

WATCH IT, I'VE  
GOT A PICTURE  
OF MY MOTHER  
IN MY WALLET!



HA-HA!  
FUNNY!

CUT THAT FUN-  
LOVING-PROFESS-  
IONALS CRAP  
BEFORE PEOPLE  
SEE THAT THIS  
SHOW IS ONLY  
MASH IN A  
NEWSROOM!

HERE'S THE  
YARN!  
THERE'S  
A CAT  
STUCK  
UP A  
TREE  
ON 12TH  
STREET!

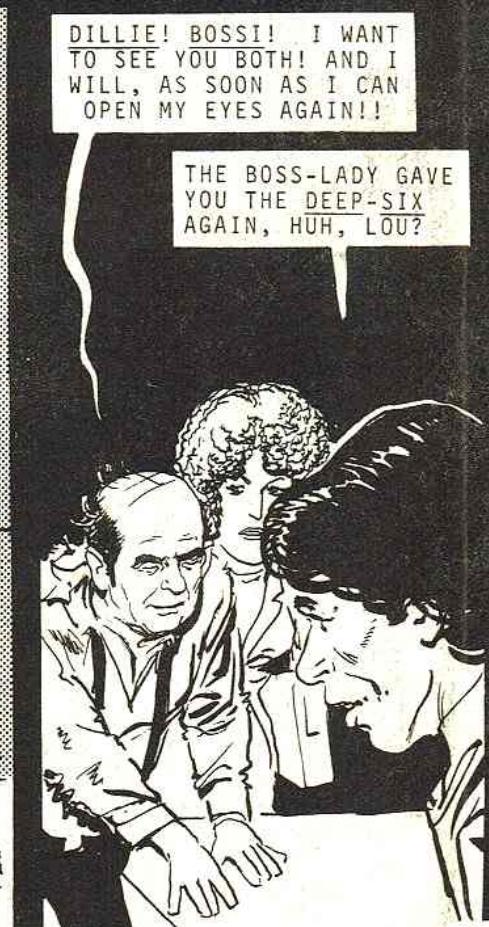
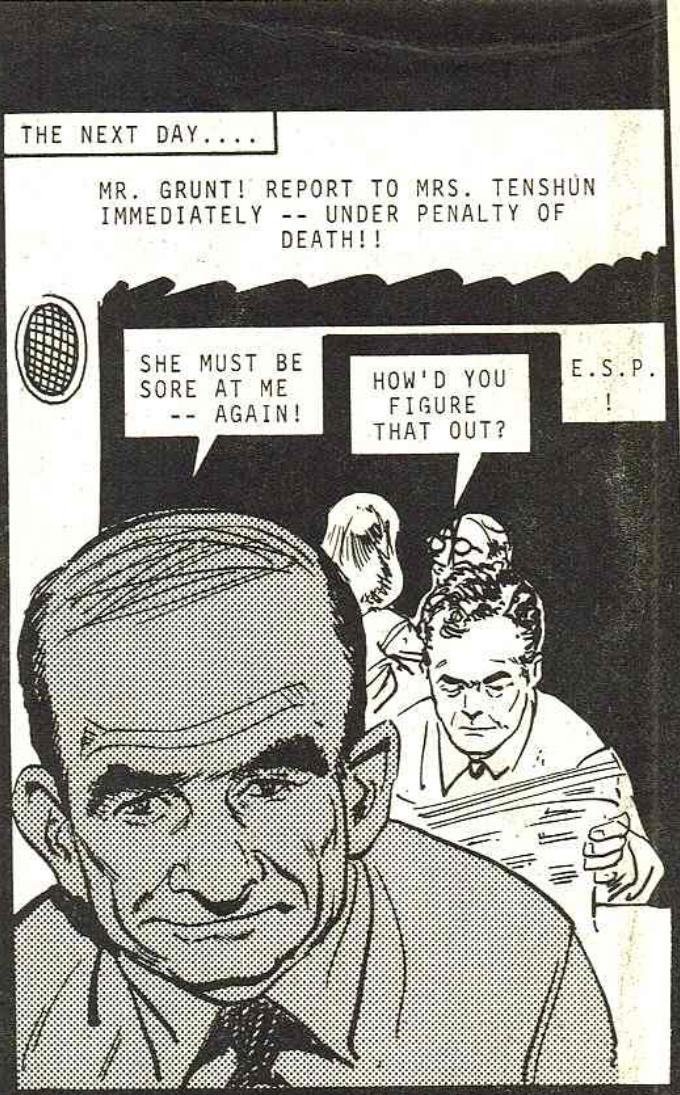
THAT'S A  
HOT STORY?

I QUIT!  
BETTER  
YET, I'LL  
GET  
BEASTIE  
TO BURN  
THIS  
PLACE  
DOWN!

DUMBHEADS!  
IT'S THE FIRE  
CHIEF'S CAT! AND  
HE'S USING THREE  
FIRE COMPANIES  
TO GET IT DOWN!!  
HE'S EVEN PLAYING  
HIS VIOLIN TO IT!

"CHIEF FIDDLING  
WHILE L.A. BURNS!"  
THAT'S A STORY!







WHO SAYS T.V. ACTORS ARE A BUNCH OF NO-TALENTS? WHO SAYS THEY COULDN'T PLAY SHAKESPEARE AND IBSEN AS WELL AS THEY DO KOTTER AND KOJAK? WHO SAYS, WITH A GREAT SCRIPT, FARRAH-FAWCETT-MAJORS COULDN'T SHOW THE DEPTH AND POWER OF A BETTE DAVIS? WHO SAYS SO? WE DO!!! AND HERE'S PROOF!!!!!!

# THE AW'D COUPLE

LET ME IN, FELIX!

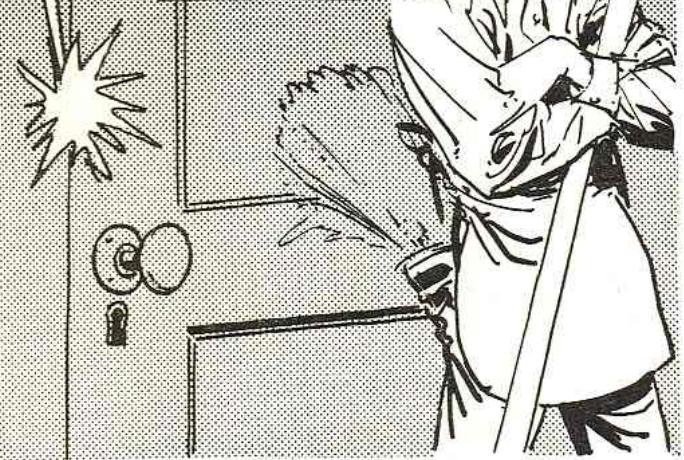
NO, OSCAR! I JUST DID THE FLOORS!

I'LL TAKE OFF MY SHOES!

BUT YOUR SOCKS ARE DIRTY!

I'LL TAKE OFF MY SOCKS!

BUT YOUR FEET--



I WOULDN'T TAKE OFF MY FEET FOR THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND!



Written by Arnold Drake  
Drawn by Jack Sparling

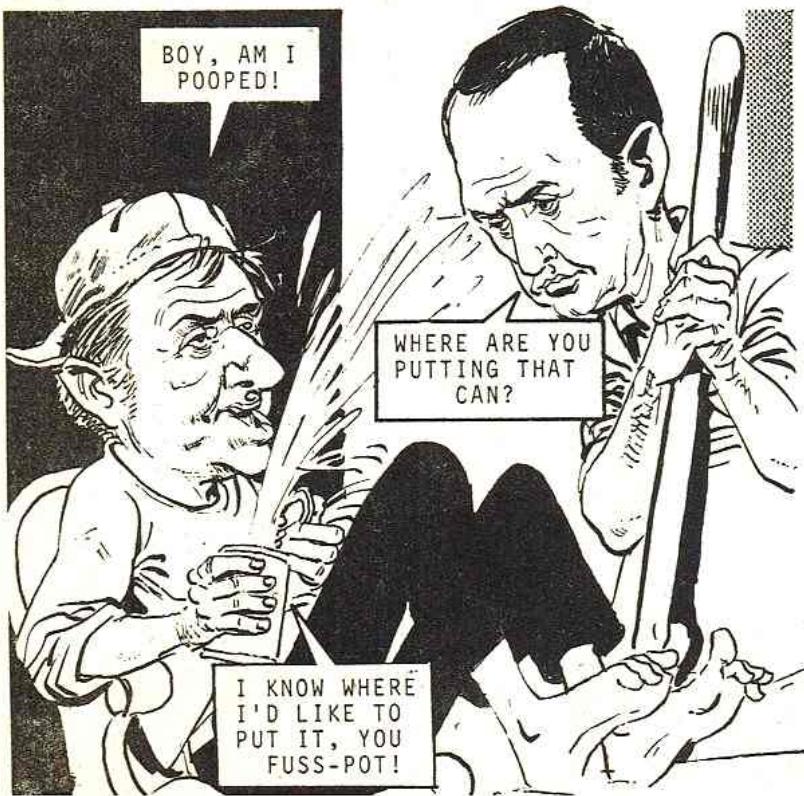
BOY, AM I POOPED!

WHERE ARE YOU PUTTING THAT CAN?

I KNOW WHERE I'D LIKE TO PUT IT, YOU FUSS-POT!

NO WONDER YOUR WIFE LEFT! YOU MADE HER BOIL HER LIPS BEFORE SHE KISSED YOU!

OH, YEAH? WHEN YOUR WIFE FILED FOR DIVORCE, SHE SAID YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH A BREWERY!



WHY ARE YOU  
EVEN MORE  
CONTEMPTIBLE  
THAN USUAL,  
OSCAR?

I'M DIRECTING TONIGHT'S  
NEWSMEN'S ANNUAL! SO  
I CAST KAKA GABOR AS  
JULIET -- AND SHE JUST  
GOT SICK!

AN ASHTRAY! AN  
ASHTRAY! MUST  
FIND AN ASHTRAY!

YOU GOTTA FIND AN  
ASHTRAY? I GOTTA  
FIND A JULIET!  
IN AN HOUR!



I PLAYED THE PART  
OF JULIET AT MY  
ALL-MEN'S COLLEGE!  
AND LOVED IT!

WE LOVED GIRLS'  
PARTS, TOO! BUT  
THE GIRLS WERE  
STILL ATTACHED  
TO THE PARTS!

YOUR ASH  
IS  
DROOPING!

TOLD YOU  
I WAS  
TIRED!

HEY! WOULD  
YOU PLAY  
JULIET?

ME!

I'D LOVE TO! WHO'LL  
BE MY ROMEO?

I'D  
HATE  
TO!



FELIX, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I SWORE  
I'D HANG UP MY PANTS AND WASH MY SOCKS  
EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK?

NOTHING! I  
NEVER TALK  
FROM A DEAD  
FAINT!

WHAT KIND OF COSTUME

WITH SEQUINS?

A LAVENDER GOWN!

HE'S GONNA DO IT! HE'S  
GONNA DO IT!



THAT NIGHT.....

HOW  
DO  
I  
LOOK.  
OSCA

SAME AS ALWAYS --  
LIKE THE RICH KID  
ON OUR BLOCK I  
USED TO BEAT UP!

--IT IS THE EAST,  
AND JULIET IS THE  
SUN!"

OSCAR,  
YOU  
BEAST!  
LOOK  
AT ME!

STOP IT, LADY!  
I'M REHEARSING  
FOR---

OH, IT'S YOU! WOW!  
YOU'RE -- BEAUTIFUL!

SLIP US  
SOME  
LIP, EH,  
BABY?

I'LL SLIP YOU  
SOME FIST,  
YOU JERK!



Y--YOU EXPECT  
ME TO C--  
CLIMB THAT  
LADDER? Y--YOU  
KNOW I CAN'T  
STAND HEIGHTS!

YOU ALSO CAN'T STAND  
FIGHTS! NOW GET UP  
THERE OR I WILL PLAY  
A VIBRAPHONE SOLO  
ON YOUR RIBS!

STOP TREMBLING!  
YOU'RE SHAKING  
THE SET!

ASK A HYENA TO STOP  
LAUGHING! TELL A  
MONKEY TO STOP  
SCRATCHING!

WHO HAS TIME  
TO TALK TO  
ANIMALS?

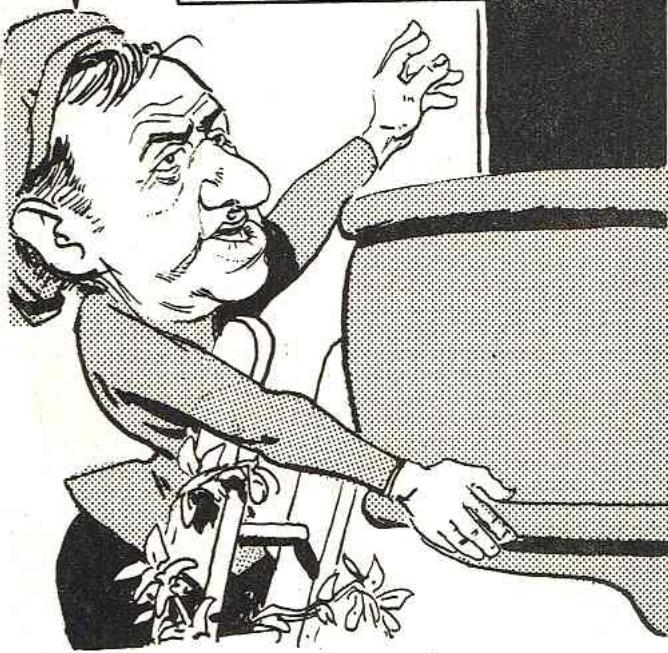


AND SO THE CURTAIN RISES AND THE AUDIENCE SINKS.....

"BUT SOFT, WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS? IT IS THE EAST, AND JULIET IS THE SUN--"

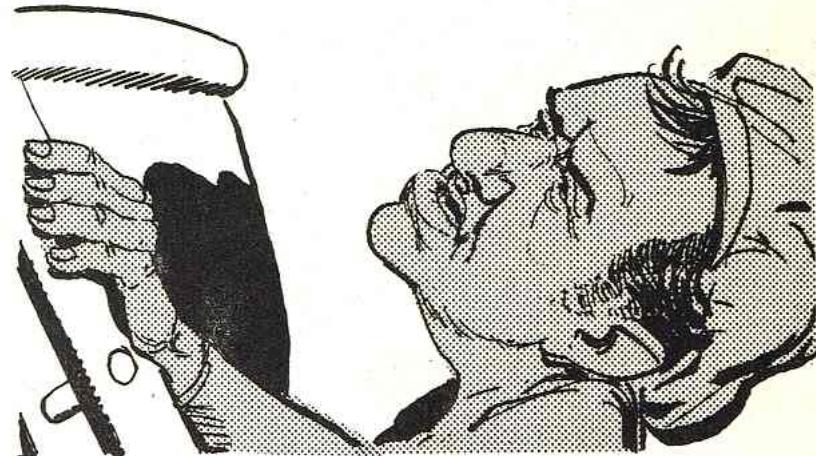
I SAID

--AND JULIET IS THE SUN!"



I HEARD YOU, LOUD-MOUTH!  
MY DRESS IS CAUGHT! YOU  
WANT ME TO RIP THE LOVELY  
THING?

I'LL RIP  
OFF YOUR  
HEAD, YOU  
IDIOT!



OKAY,  
DELIVER  
YOUR  
LINE!

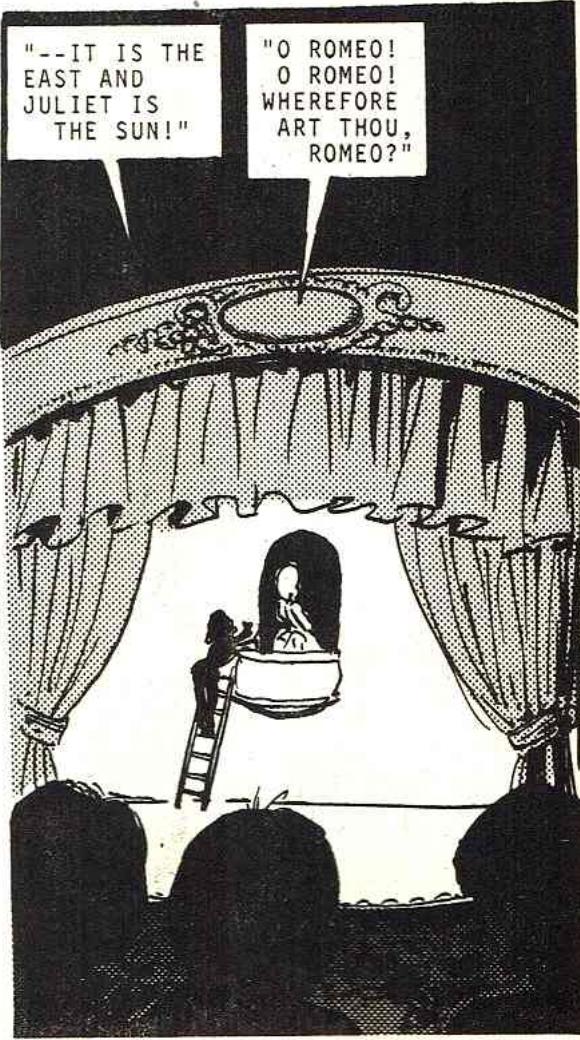
AFTER THE WAY YOU  
SPOKE TO ME! NO!  
NO! NOT ONE WORD  
UNTIL YOU APOLOGIZE!

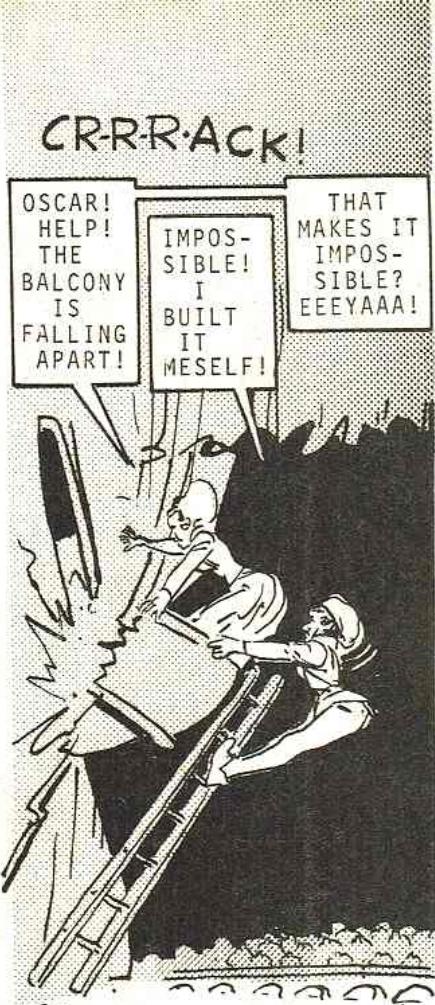
ALL RIGHT,  
ALREADY!  
I  
APOLOGIZE!

OH, NO!  
SAY, "I  
OSCAR,  
DO  
SOLEMNLY  
BEG THE  
FORGIVENESS  
OF--"

--IT IS THE  
EAST AND  
JULIET IS  
THE SUN!"

"O ROMEO!  
O ROMEO!  
WHEREFORE  
ART THOU,  
ROMEO?"



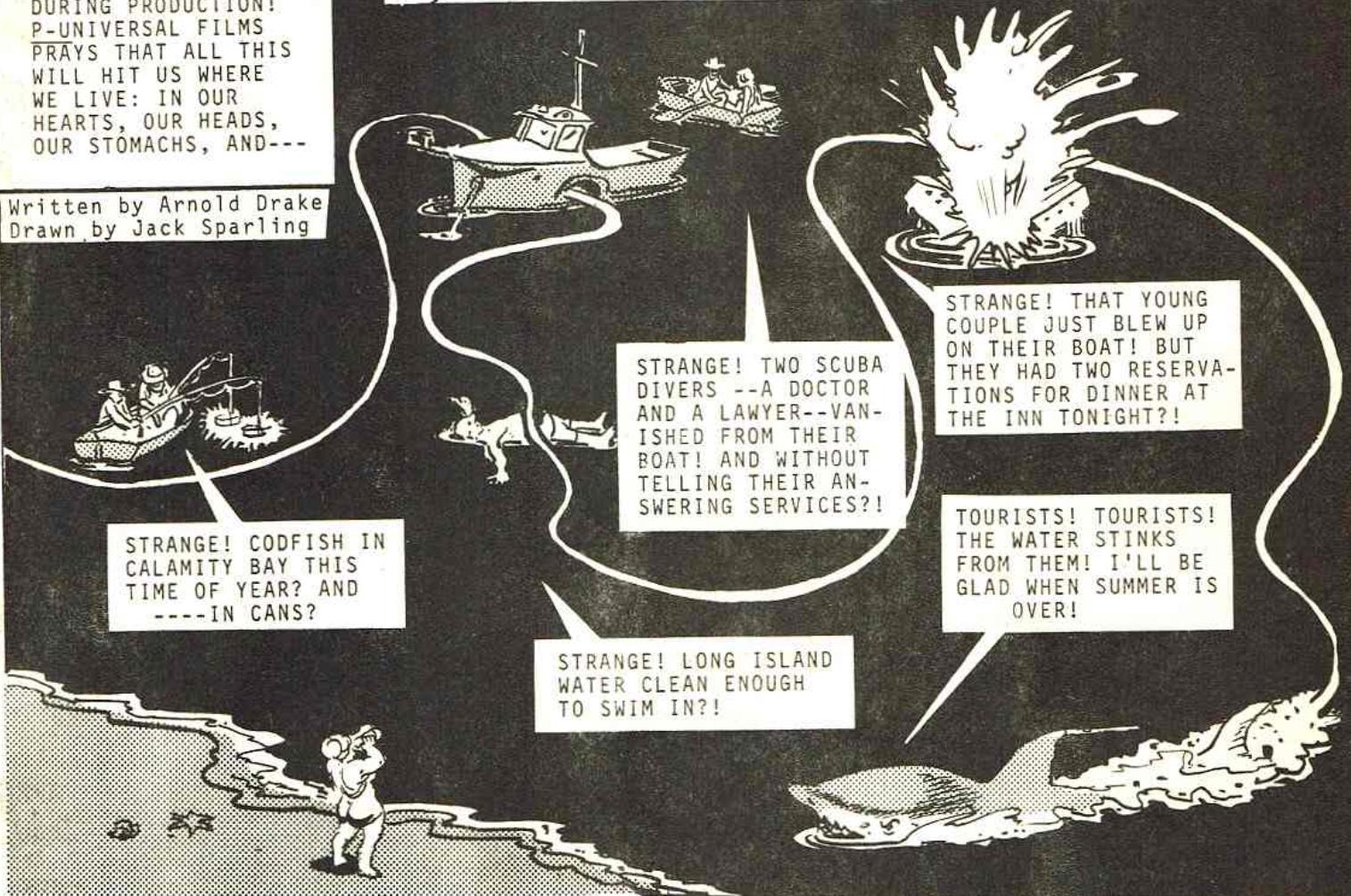


# JAWS TOO!

GET READY FOR THE BLOODIEST DISASTER FILM OF THEM ALL! HEADS RIPPED FROM BODIES, ARMS AND LEGS TORN TO SHREDS! AND THAT WAS JUST FROM THE CAST FIGHTS DURING PRODUCTION! P-UNIVERSAL FILMS PRAYS THAT ALL THIS WILL HIT US WHERE WE LIVE: IN OUR HEARTS, OUR HEADS, OUR STOMACHS, AND---

Written by Arnold Drake  
Drawn by Jack Sparling

IN A MERE FEW DAYS, ALONG THE COAST OF CALAMITY, LONG ISLAND, THE FOLLOWING OCCURS.....



BUT THE STRANGEST OF ALL ARE THE IDIOT NATIVES OF CALAMITY, WHO CAN'T TELL A DISASTER PLAGUE WHEN THEY SEE ONE!

MARTIN BROODY, CALAMITY'S POLICE CHIEF HAS A TROUBLED LIFE!

I'M A POLICEMAN IN A SEAPORT AND I'M AFRAID OF THE SEA! BUT THAT'S NOT MY TROUBLE!

I'M HIS SON, MUKE AND I ONCE SAW A MAN EATEN BY A SHARK--WITH KETCHUP! BUT THAT'S NOT MY TROUBLE!

I'M LITTLE SPAWN AND THEY ALL TREAT ME LIKE AN IDIOT KID! BUT THAT'S NOT MY TROUBLE!

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

YOUR DAMN COOKING!  
THAT'S WHAT!

FRIED FISH! FRIED FISH!  
NEVER ANYTHING BUT FRIED FISH! YUCHHHHHHHH!



WE'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPY SINCE --THE TROUBLE!

YOU MEAN THE 1917 IRISH REBELLION MASSACRE? THEY CALLED THAT THE TROUBLE!

NO, I MEAN THE SHARK SCARE OF 4 YEARS AGO THAT KILLED BUSINESS! NOW THAT'S TROUBLE!

I'M GOING OUT TO WALK THE BEACH AND BROOD A LOT!

YES, DEAR! YOU HAVE DEEP FEELINGS! YOU'RE NOT JUST A COP-- YOU'RE A HUMAN BEING, TOO!

AND, IN A NEARBY VACATION BUNGALOW...

DAD! THERE'S THE CUTEST LITTLE BABY SEAL ON OUR BEACH!

WHAT?! AND THE LITTLE FINK ISN'T PAYING A PENNY FOR BEACH PRIVILEGES! LET'S KILL 'IM!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

THREE SHOTS FROM A RIFLE--A SAVAGE, 1968 ISSUE! FIRED BY A FAT POLICE SARGENT F FROM FLUSHING! A HEART CARVED ON THE STOCK WITH THE WORD M-O-T-H-E-R! I LEARNED SUCH DEDUCTIVE REASONING FROM READING SHERLOCK HOLMES! ALSO HOW TO PLAY THE FIDDLE AND SHOOT COCAINE!

SHOOTING A BABY SEAL IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE!

HEY! I'M A COP, TOO! AND I DIDN'T EVEN KILL IT!

SOME POLICEMAN! CAN'T KILL A SEAL WITH A RIFLE AT THREE FEET!

MEANWHILE, THE GREAT WHITE SHARK STALKS THE SEAS!

I ATE THE ENTIRE CREW OF A CHINESE FREIGHTER AND I'M STILL FAMISHED!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH --CHINESE FOOD! AN HOUR LATER YOU'RE HUNGRY AGAIN!

AND, AT THE TOWN DRUGSTORE..

THIS FILM BELONGED TO A MISSING SCUBA DIVER, MR. BARSTUCK! DEVELOP IT! MAYBE THERE'S A CLUE!

I'M A DRUGGIST! I'M VITAL TO THIS COMMUNITY!

I SUPPLY VITAL STUFF--PERFUME, SHAVING CREAM, KLEENEX AND--CERTAIN UNMENTIONABLES USED FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE!

I NEED THAT CLUE, BAR-STUCK! THERE'S SOMETHING SMELLY AROUND HERE!

SURE THERE IS! IT'S THAT WOUNDED SEAL YOU'RE KEEPING IN YOUR GARAGE!

LATER, AS DRUGGIST AND WIFE PROCESS THE FILM..

A GIANT SHARK ABOUT TO EAT THAT GUY FOR AN APPETIZER! WHAT DO YOU THINK, HUBBY?

I THINK, IF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH ABOUT THIS BEFORE WE CAN CAN SELL OUR STORE AND LEAVE LEAVE TOWN-- I'LL FED YOU I'LL FEED YOU TO THE SHARK!

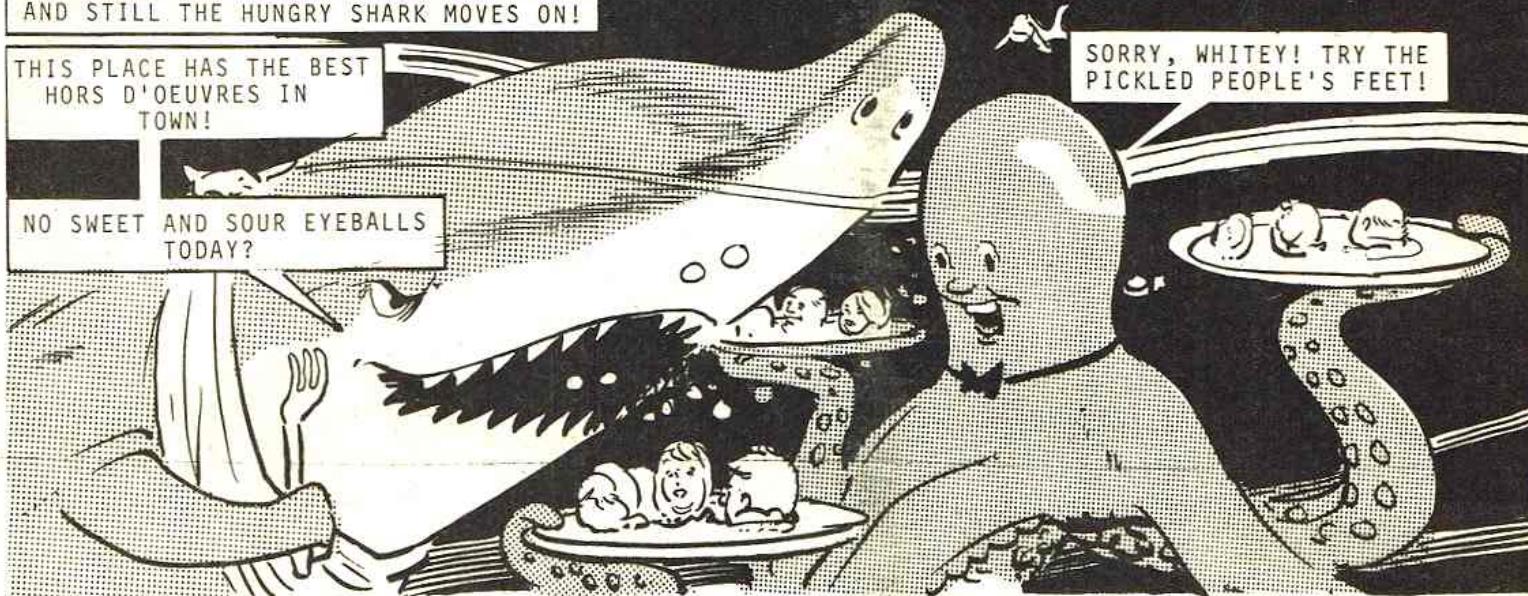


AND STILL THE HUNGRY SHARK MOVES ON!

THIS PLACE HAS THE BEST HORS D'OEUVRÉS IN TOWN!

NO SWEET AND SOUR EYEBALLS TODAY?

SORRY, WHITEY! TRY THE PICKLED PEOPLE'S FEET!



MULTIPLE STORY LINES NOW UNFOLD!

LOOK, MACHETTI, YOU GET CHIEF BROODY OFF MY BACK OR MY PALS WON'T GIVE YOU A GAMBLING LICENSE!

PUT OUT A CONTRACT ON BROODY, EH? TOO BAD HE AIN'T A BABY SEAL! YOU COULD DO IT!

HEY, DUMMY! GET US TWO DRINKS!

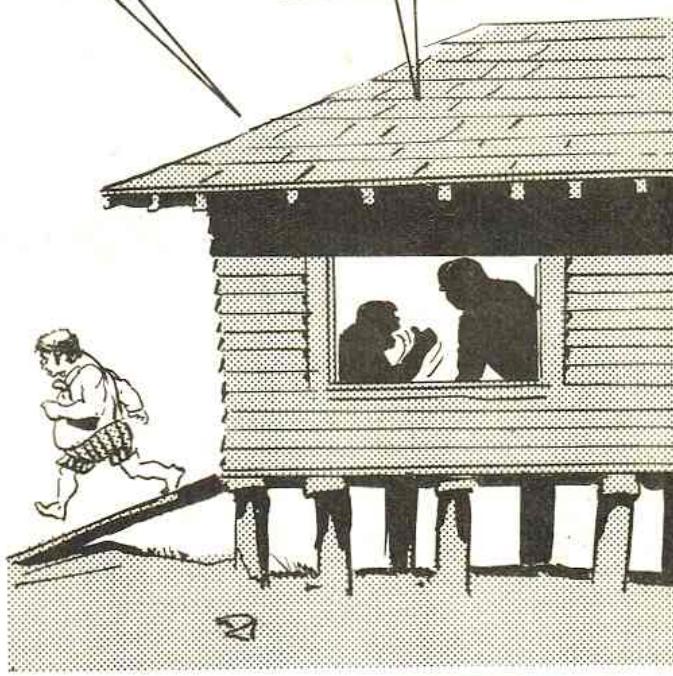


LATER, WHEN THE SEAL-KILLER LEAVES...

BROODY'S WIFE LET MY KID INTO THE BOY SCOUT TROOP! BUT I GOTTA KILL SOMEBODY -- OR IT LOOKS BAD!

HEY, DUMMY! TAKE CARE OF THE FAT COP!

WHAT MEANS STRANGE SIGN WITH THUMB AND TEETH? HE WANTS ME TO BITE FATSO'S THUMB?



MEANWHILE...

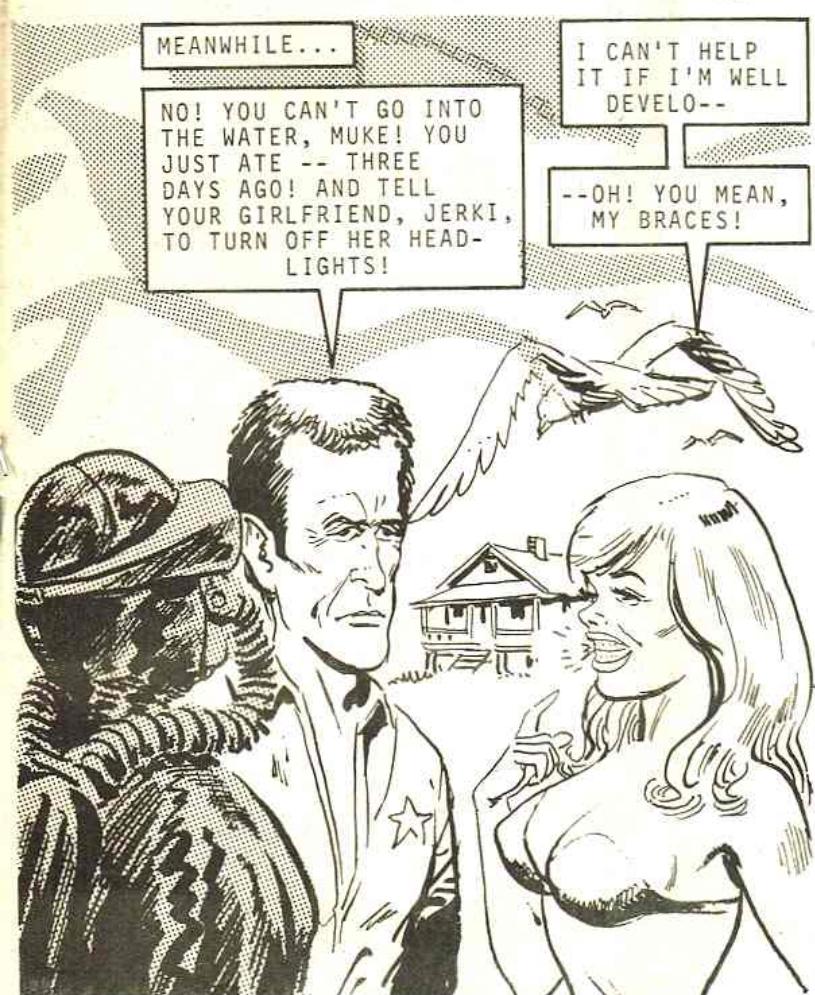
NO! YOU CAN'T GO INTO THE WATER, MUKE! YOU JUST ATE -- THREE DAYS AGO! AND TELL YOUR GIRLFRIEND, JERKI, TO TURN OFF HER HEADLIGHTS!

I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M WELL DEVELO--

--OH! YOU MEAN, MY BRACES!

DAD, IF I DON'T OVERCOME MY AQUAPHOBIA, I COULD BE A PERMANENT, EMOTIONAL CRIPPLE!

THOSE PSYCHOLOGY PAPERBACKS AT BARSTUCK'S DRUGSTORE AGAIN! WHY DON'T YOU READ SOME PORNO MAGS, YOU CREEP?



PICKING UP PLOT LINE NUMBER 17-B AGAIN...

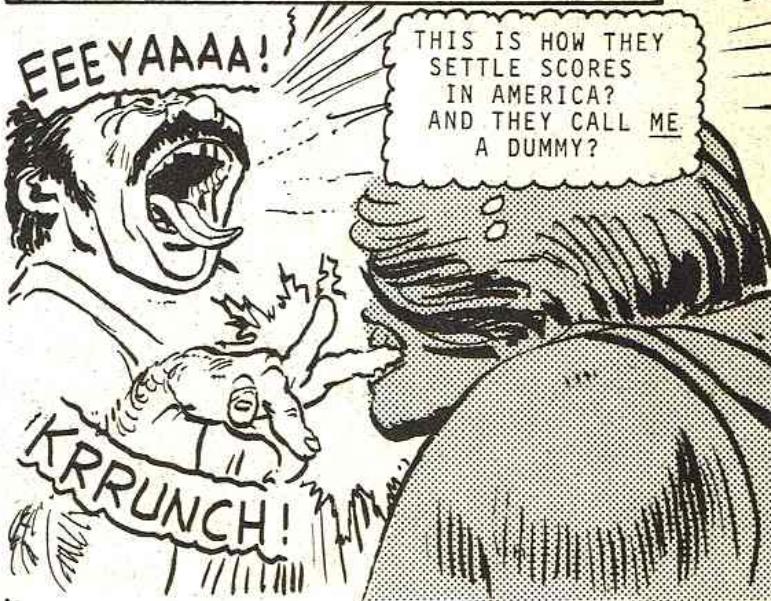
NO! NO! DON'T KILL ME!  
I'LL GIVE ALL MY MONEY  
TO THE FOUNDATION OF  
THE DEAF, I SWEAR!

AND I'LL  
LIGHT TFN  
CANDLES TO  
HELEN KELLER!



BUT NOTHING CAN STOP THE MURDEROUS MUTE!

THIS IS HOW THEY  
SETTLE SCORES  
IN AMERICA?  
AND THEY CALL ME  
A DUMMY?



AND YET ANOTHER STORY LINE....

WHUH! WHUH! WHUH! WHUH!

DO YOU BELIEVE  
THAT BALONEY  
ABOUT THE  
SOUND OF  
CHOPPERS  
ATTRACTING  
SHARKS?

HA-A-A! SOME  
COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S  
THEORY THAT THE  
WHIRLING BLADES--



WHUH! WHUH! WHUH! WHUH! WHUH!

--SOUND LIKE JUNGLE  
DRUMS TO THE SHARK!

OH, PLAY  
THAT  
THING,  
DRUMMER  
BOY!

THIS  
REMINDS  
ME OF  
THE TIME  
I ATE  
TWO  
UKELELE  
PLAYERS  
IN  
DON HO'S  
BAND!



YUCHHH!

THIS  
BALL TASTES  
TERRIBLE! BUT  
I'M TOO  
HUNGRY TO BE  
CHOOSY!



WE'RE NOT  
ALLOWED TO BE  
DOWN HERE,  
SIR!  
WE'RE NOT IN  
THE SUBMARINE  
SERVICE!

THEN BACK TO PLOT LINE 28-C!

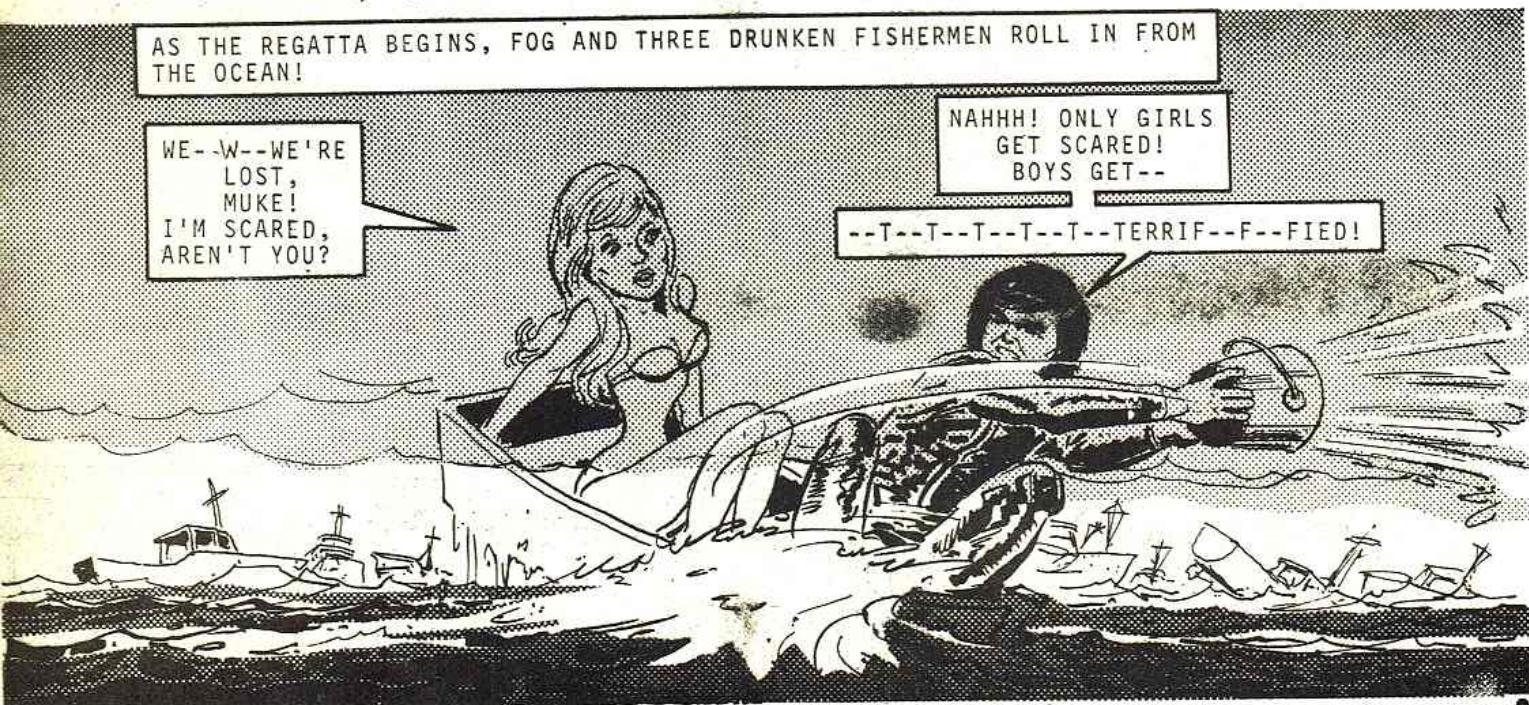
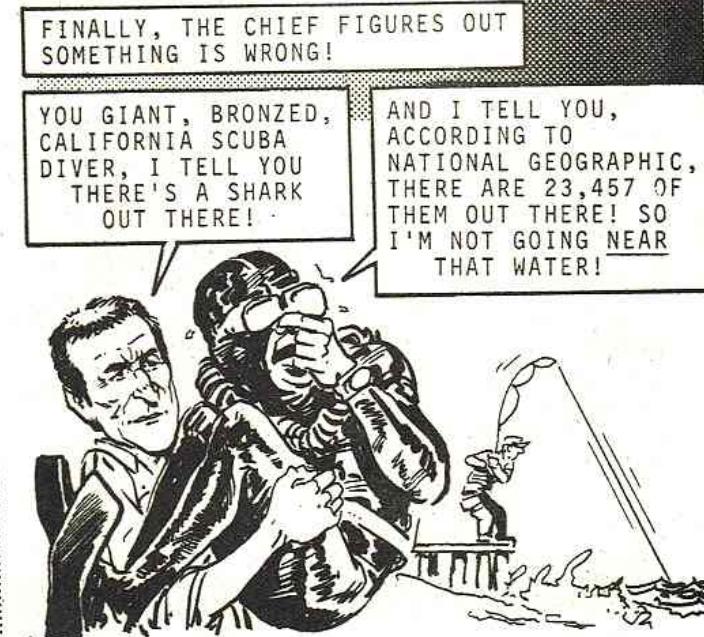
YOU SAY YOU'LL RELEASE  
THAT PICTURE OF THE  
BIG SHARK AND RUIN  
MY CHANCES FOR A  
GAMBLING CASINO?

UNLESS YOU PAY  
ME 3 BIG ONES!  
THAT'S \$30,000 IN  
GANGSTER TALK,  
RIGHT?





THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE BOY SCOUT REGATTA...



SOON....

EGAD! THE SHARK GOT THE GIANT, BRONZED, CALIFORNIA SCUBA DIVER! IF HE'LL EAT ONE OF THOSE, HE'LL EAT ANYTHING! I'D BETTER GO SAVE MY KID!!



AND, IN THE FOG, THE REGATTA BOATS CLING TOGETHER....

EEEK!  
THE  
SHARK!

NO, JERKI! IT'S MY FATHER!  
HE'S THE WORLD'S WORST SWIMMER! THAT'S WHY HE KEPT ME OUT OF THE OCEAN!



NOW, THE GREAT WHITE APPEARS!

SNAP!  
SNAP!

HELP!  
MUKE!  
HELP  
YOUR  
DAD!

YOU SEE, WHAT HE WAS REALLY DOING WAS SUBCONSCIOUSLY TRANSFERRING HIS OWN FEAR OF THE SEA TO ME!

OH, YES! HERMAN MELVILLE HANDLED THAT THEME IN MOBY DICK WHEN--



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO HIT HIM WITH THIS GIANT EEL I FOUND!

THAT WAS NO EEL!  
IT WAS THE LONG ISLAND UNDERWATER POWER LINE!

I WONDER HOW MUCH HE GOT FOR THAT COMMERCIAL?

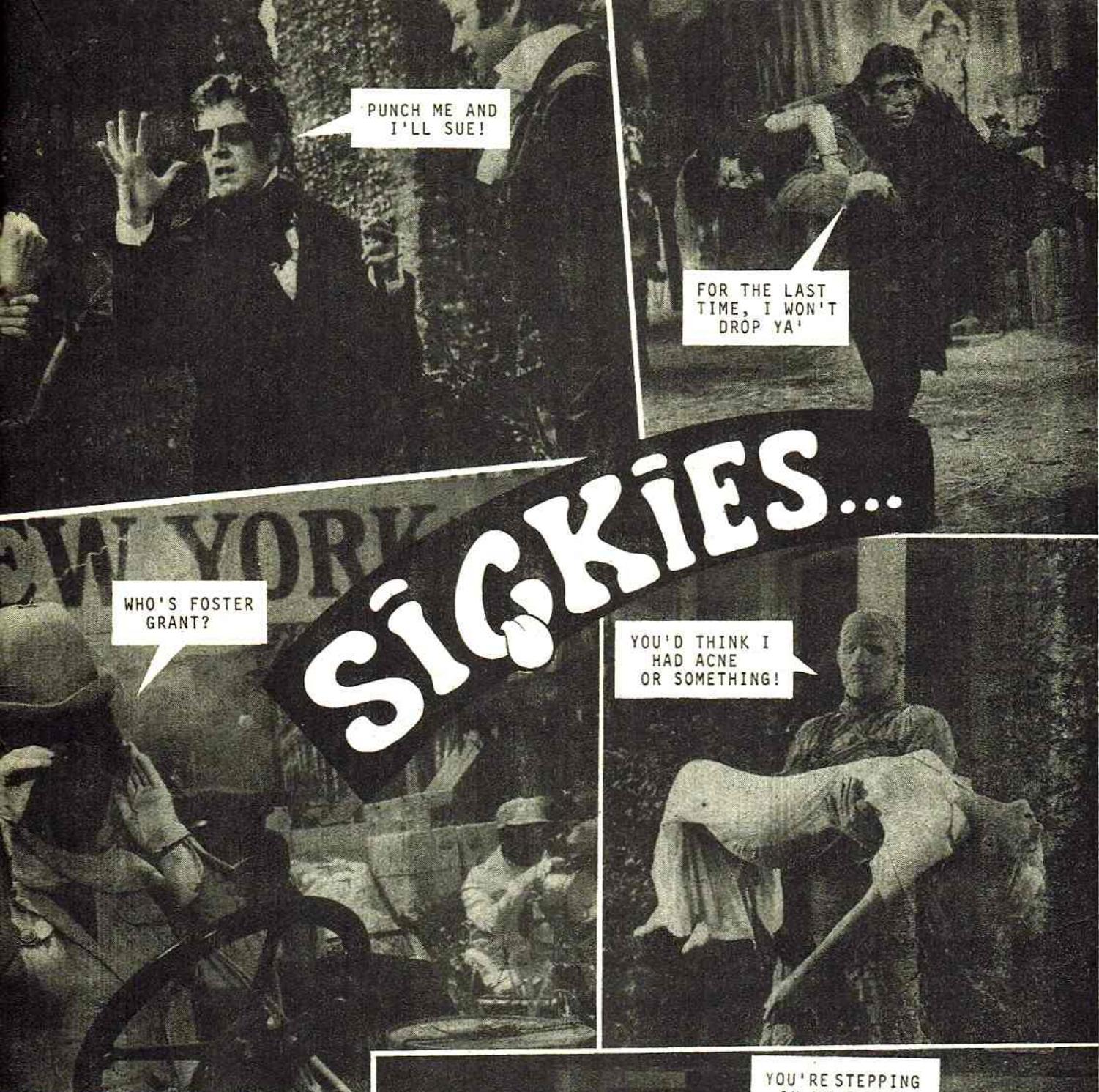


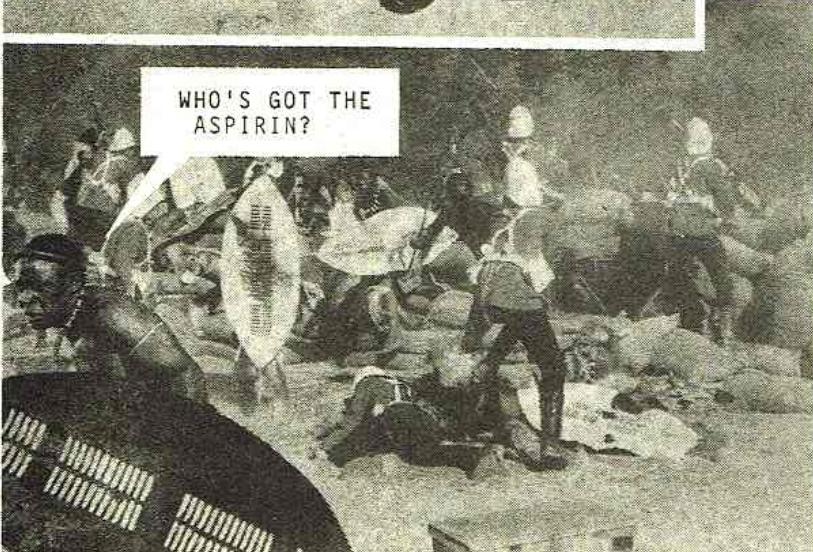
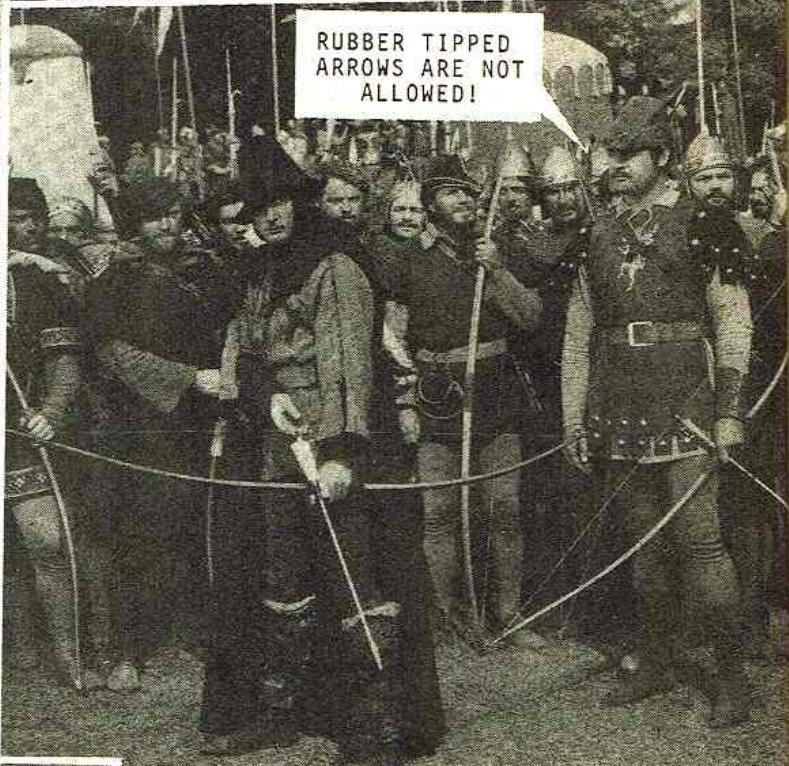
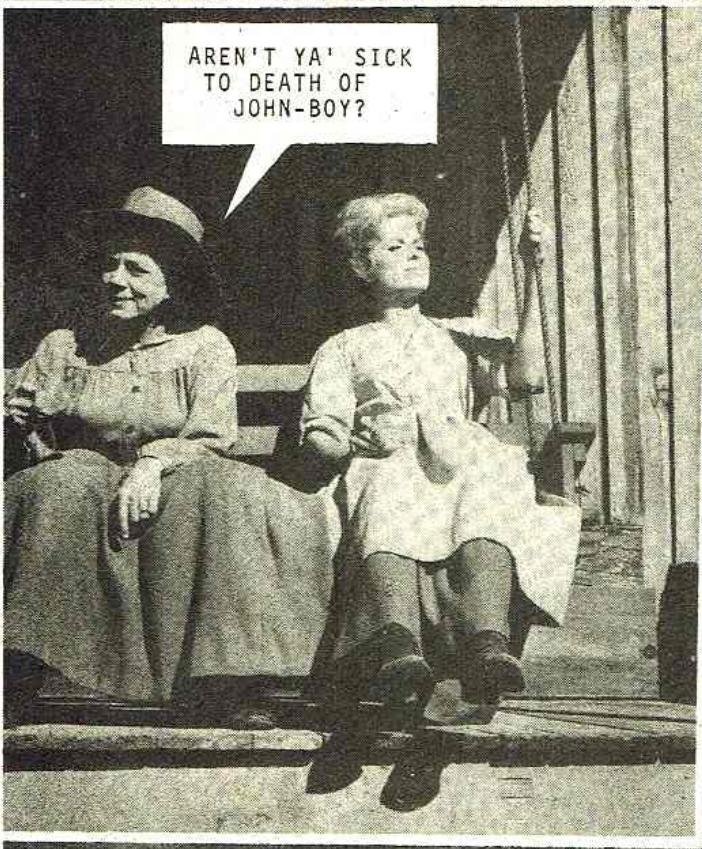
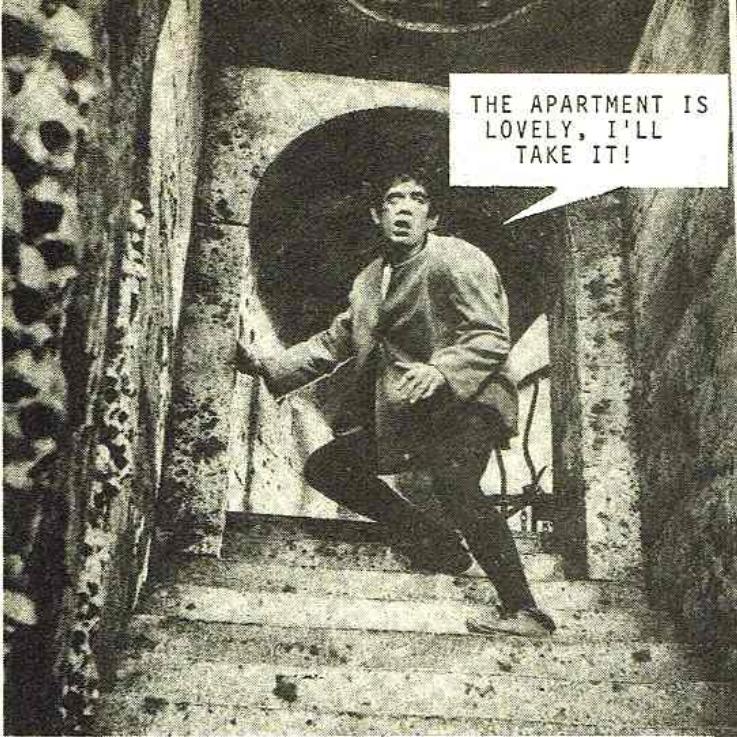
LATER, WITH THE SHARK BEACHED.....

I DON'T BELIEVE IT, DAD! ALL THE PEOPLE HE ATE! ALIVE!

IF YOU THINK THAT'S A TALL TALE, WAIT 'TIL YOU READ THE ONE ABOUT JONAH AND THE WHALE!







COMA--THE DICTIONARY DESCRIBES THIS WORD AS A STATE OF DEEP UNCONSCIOUSNESS CAUSED BY DISEASE, INJURY OR POISON... WELL, HERE AT SICK WE'VE DISCOVERED ONE MORE ELEMENT IN THAT CAUSATORY LIST--MAINLY, TRYING TO SIT THROUGH THE MOVIE, 'COMA'...! SO, HERE'S OUR VERSION WHICH WILL NOT ONLY MAKE YOU DROWSY... BUT MIGHT PUT YOU OUT FOR GOOD!

# GALMA

WRITTEN & DRAWN by DAVE MANAK

HMM... LET'S SEE... THIS PATIENT UNDERWENT A COMMON, UNNECESSARY OPERATION, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, PFFT!.. SHE'S IN A COMA, RIGHT?

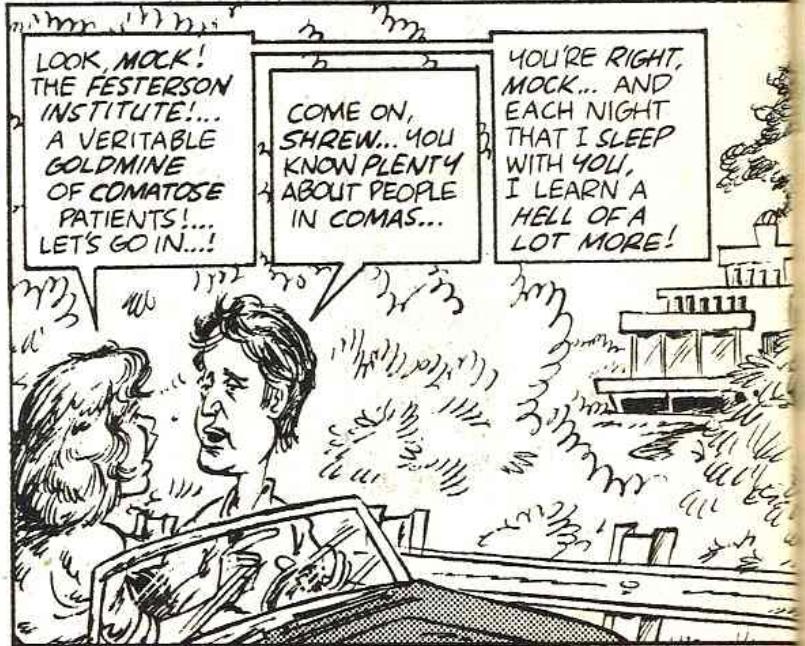
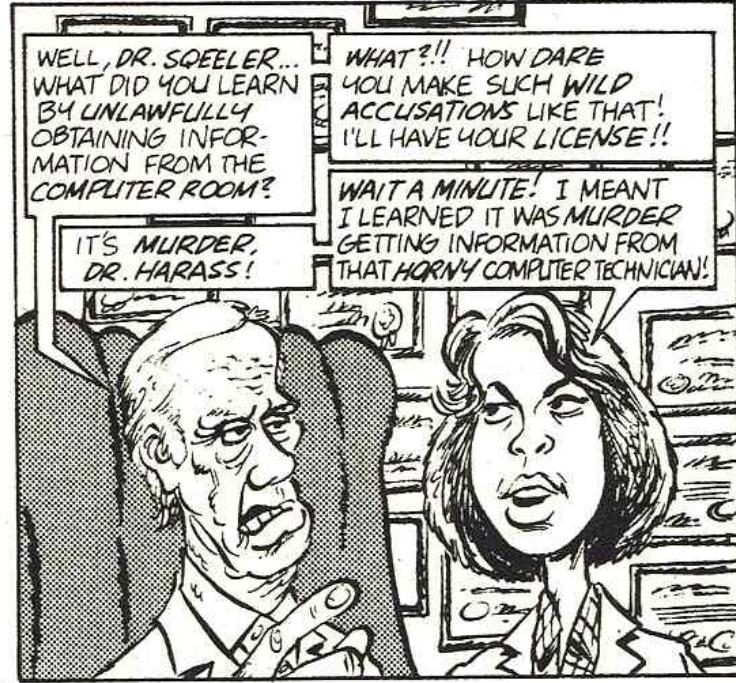
MY GOD, SHREW! I HAVE TO ADMIRE YOUR COMPOSURE! HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU DO IT?

DON'T BE SILLY, MOCK! I'M A DOCTOR FIRST, AND A WOMAN SECOND! DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FALL APART AT THE MERE DROP OF A PATIENT?

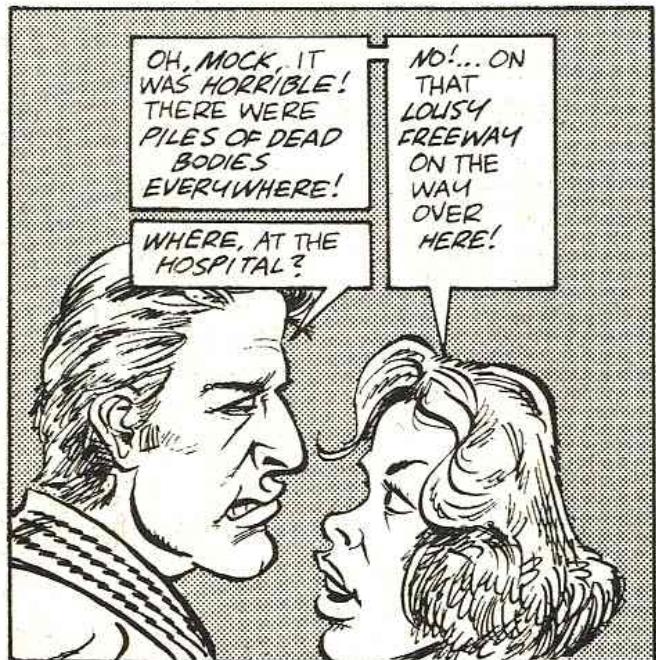
BUT SHREW... HOW CAN YOU KEEP SUCH EMOTIONAL CONTROL? THIS IS YOUR BEST FRIEND, AND SHE WENT INTO A COMA TEN MINUTES AGO!

THROUGH SKILL, DETERMINATION, PRIDE IN MY PROFESSION, AND THE FACT THAT I CHUGGED A FIFTH OF VODKA, FIVE MINUTES AGO!

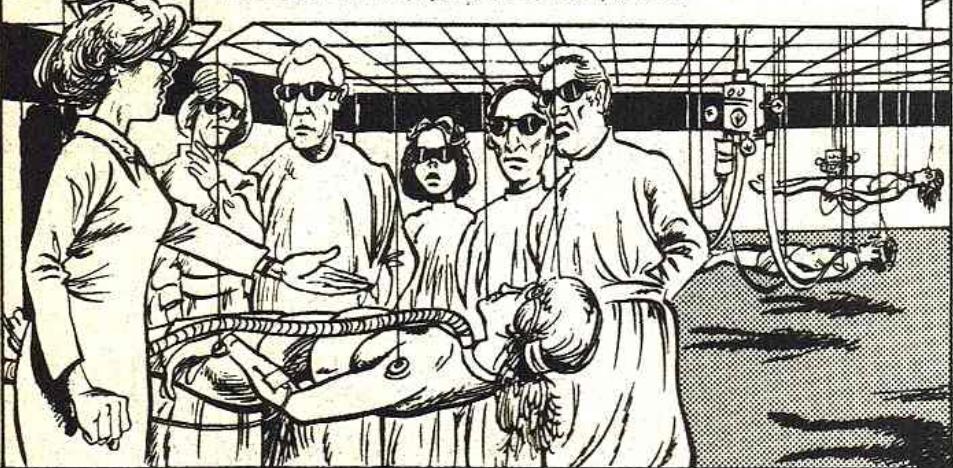








SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... AS YOU CAN SEE BY THIS FINE SPECIMEN, OUR HERD OF LIVESTOCK... ER... A... GROUP OF PATIENTS... ARE CONSTANTLY MONITORED BY OUR COMPUTERS AND CAN SAFELY BE CLASSIFIED, U.S.D.A. GRADE "A" CHOICE... ER... IN EXCELLENT PHYSICAL CONDITION...



HMM... NOTHING UNUSUAL IN THERE!... MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING OUT IF I SLIP AWAY!





# NATIONAL UNQUIETER

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAP IN AMERICA

REVEALED! In her  
hairdresser's  
new book...  
FARRAH IS BALD!

AMAZING NEW PSYCHIC ~~FENOM PHONEM~~ ~~OUR~~ HAPPENING!

# MAN USES E.S.P. TO TURN ON HOT WATER TAP!

DIETER'S DISCOVERY  
LOOSE 80 POUNDS  
IN 14 MINUTES  
GAMBLE IN A LONDON CASINO.....P.95

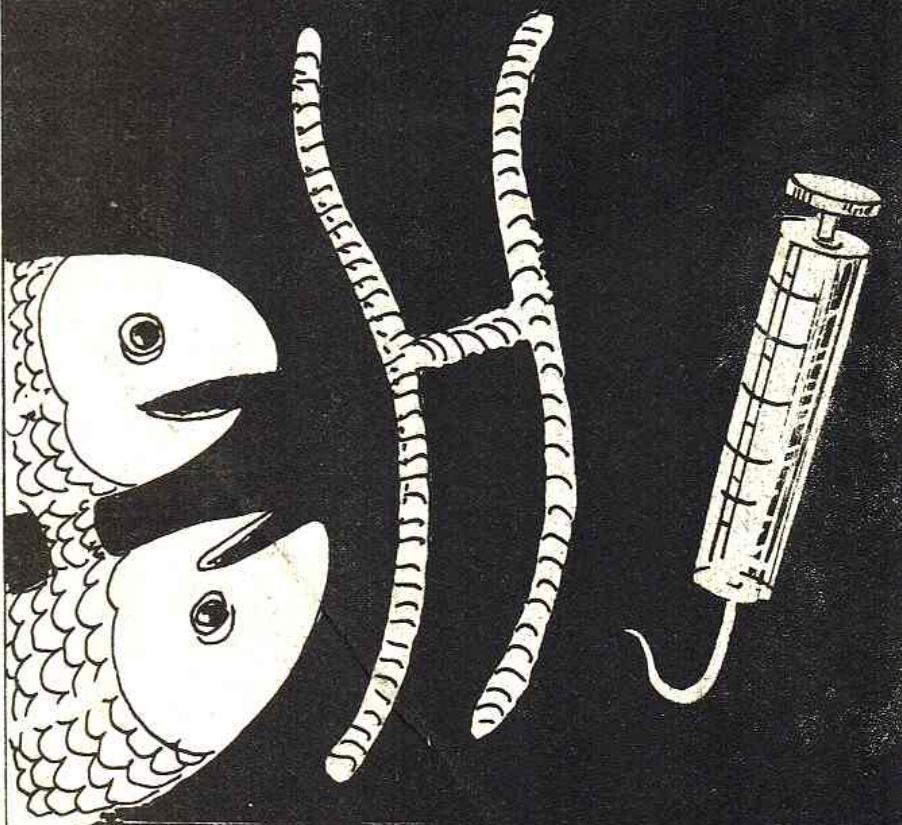
FROM NIXON'S NEW BOOK  
NEW PROOF  
NIXON WAS  
INNOCENT  
FIRST THREE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.....P.102

MORE SELF-HELP FROM NEW BOOK BY  
PEDICURIST  
THE WAY YOU CUT YOUR  
TOENAILS REVEALS YOUR  
PERSONALITY  
..... p.147

SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK  
ON REINCARNATION  
"IS THERE  
LIFE AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE  
AFTER LIFE?"

p.347

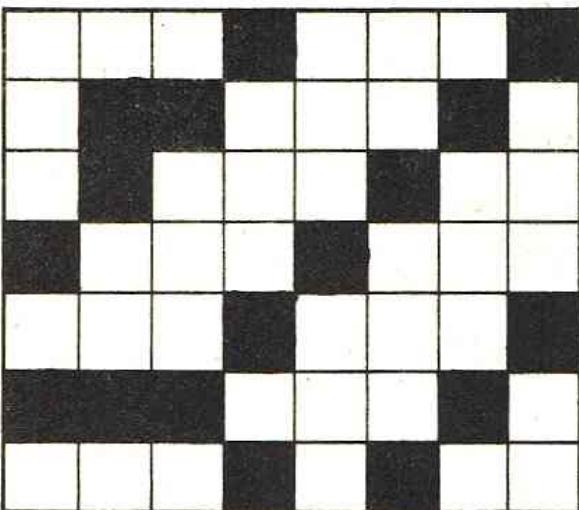
## *FIRST PICTURE OF ASTOUNDING FIND... SIAMESE-TWIN WORMS, FRAN AND BILL*



Simple New England fisherman, Louie Giangrestella, made the astounding discovery while fishing off his yacht, the Al Capone. The Coast Guard, impressed by this significant scientific contribution, agreed to

overlook the 200 pounds of pure heroin also found aboard. Louie angrily denies worm is really a lost Harvard football letter. Shown, too, are fish caught and hook used. Fish was a Haddict.

## TRY A BRAIN BUSTER!



DON'T BE AFRAID TO TEST YOUR WORD POWER AGAINST THIS SUPER PUZZLER DEVISED BY SIX PROFESSORS OF LINGUISTICS FROM HARVARD, YALE, OXFORD AND BABEL UNIVERSITY.

### ACROSS

- 1 - Four legged animal
- 2 - Furry pet
- 4 - Caterpillar tractor (short form)
- 6 - Smile like a cheshire
- 7 - Duty officer (abbrev.)
- 8 - got your tongue?
- 9 - Man's best friend
- 10 - A hip fellow
- 11 - Ugly dance date
- 12 - his steps (follow him)
- 14 - days (hot weather)
- 15 - Act

### DOWN

- 1 - burglar (good climber)
- 2 - Short for Catherine
- 3 - On or near by
- 4 - A spiteful woman
- 5 - Wood (tree with four-petal blossoms)
- 6 - Short for nine-tailed whip
- 7 - Lassie, the TV star
- 8 - Canadian Atlantic (abbrev.)
- 9 - Patch (Little Abner's hometown)
- 11 - You ! (mild oath)
- 13 - Direct order (abbrev.)

(Answer <sup>DOES NOT</sup> appear below)

*The more you eat, the more you lose!*

## Feed your fat face and grow thinner

U.S. Patent No. 131313 may prove to be the greatest thing that's happened to fat people since MacDonald's invented indigestion. It's the brainchild of Harvey Hockinfoos and he calls it "FATAWAY"!!

From his bedside in the Intensive Care Room of Our Lady of Fatima Hospital, he explained through thin, white but smiling lips.

"You strap yourself into the FATAWAY chair and clamp these pulleys to your wrists. Each is attached to huge weights. Want a bite of turkey? You have to lift 200 pounds to reach it. The turkey adds 80 calories to you but the exercise takes away 300. It's fool-proof!"

H.H. admits there are a few side effects. Muscle aches are common. Severe spasms, actually. Some hernias have been heard of. Heart attacks are not unknown. But the commonest side effect is rage.

"One man tore the pulleys out of the ceiling and hurled them through the wall," Harvey said as an IV tube was inserted in his arm so that a massive feeding of liquid food could begin.

"But hurling those huge weights cost him another 2.75 pounds, so FATAWAY really won that battle, too."

To prove FATAWAY works, 285 pound Harvey used it for 6 months. He did a great job. Last night, 68 pound Harvey died at OLF Hospital — of malnutrition.



Every ounce of food costs him a pound of flesh. The inventor demonstrates how a meal inside his machine becomes

some of the hardest work you have ever done and leaves you hungry, tired, angry — and gloriously thin!

# THE NIGHT MACK JIGGER WENT SANE

## Our readers vote for best TV shows

There is only one surprise in this week's list of reader TV favorites; Station-Test-Pattern has moved up four slots to threaten the leaders. Otherwise, the list remains unchanged for the 13th consecutive year.

1 - Lawrence Welk Show	5 - I Love Lucy (1957 reruns)
2 - I Love Lucy (1956 reruns)	6 - Romper room
3 - Station-Test-Pattern	7 - Tie: I Love Lucy (1958) I Love Lucy (1958)
4 - Gilligan's Island	8 - Movie: "Abbot and Costello Meet the Bowery Boys"
	9 - Sports Spectacular: Rerun of 1927 Polish Football Championship
	10 - All-Star Documentary: Army Training Films. This week: "Know Your Tent Pegs!"

Advertisement

This ancient secret of the orient can be yours **FREE**

**MEN** You can have **POWER** over **WOMEN**

**WOMEN** You can have **POWER** over **MEN**

**SWINGERS**

You can have any combination of the above through

**CHICKEN FAT POWER!**

From the tomb of the mightiest of all Pharaohs, Dern-Tuten XI, comes this remarkable amulet which ancient Egyptians knew as Chee-Kin Li-Tel!

The fantastic storm of cosmic energy that radiates from the amulet is nothing but concentrated chicken fat power!

Early men understood the highest forms of human thought and spiritual values, though they could not read, write or play the guitar. These filthy primitives knew the mystic energy that was stored in every glob of chicken fat!

But, over the centuries, a great plot was launched to stamp out our chicken fat knowledge. Ask yourself this question:



- Did Beethoven even whisper of the inspiration he gained from chicken fat power? Not a whisper!

You see it now, don't you? This conspiracy of silence! How could the greatest minds live all their lives without saying the words "Chicken Fat"?

Except, of course, if they are part of a plot to keep you from sharing their good luck!

But now this wisdom is yours! Hold the amulet in your hands. Feel every drop of chicken fat in the universe coursing through your system. And it's all free — because we love you! Fill out the coupon now!

which can't be told from the rest of this junk

"SCARED? MAN, I THOUGHT I'D NEVER BE CUCKOO AGAIN!"

Nightmare experience for leader of "Royally Stoned" rock group by Manfried Starmucke

Special to the Unquieter:

"I swear, I woke up without heart flutters, and no cold sweat! Right off, I knew I was in trouble." Royally Stoned group leader Mack Jigger used up another quart of Jerk Daniels whiskey to wash down six more reds, five yellows, three blues and a vitamin pill.

"I knew it instantly, too," said lovely Blanca Jigger, Mack's companion of eleven days. "Suddenly he stopped talking gibberish! We were both petrified!" she said smoking a \$100 bill and washing it down with vintage drano.

"Wham!" Mack continued, "I saw my whole career flash before my eyes. That's sheer terror, man!"

There's a happy ending though, Mack and Blanca have founded their own "Church of the Acid Rock" in Hollywood and Biaritz. Good Luck you adorable cuckoos!



"Thank God the nightmare is over!" says Mack Jigger as he returns to normal in this exclusive picture.

Yes, I want Chicken Fat Power! Please send me, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the Mystic Amulet of Dern-Tuten XI. I enclose \$149.95 to cover the cost of handling.

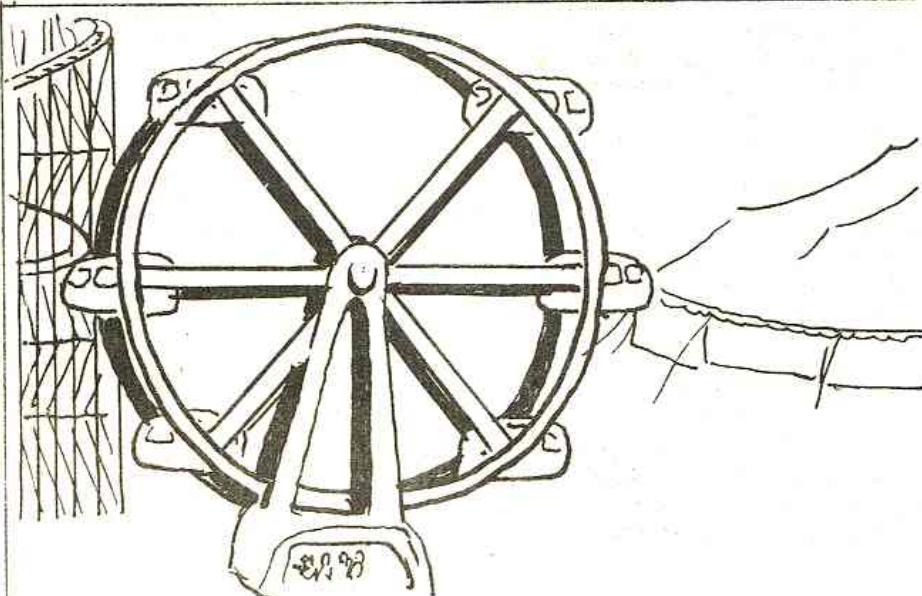
You promise to return my money if you are not absolutely satisfied with it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

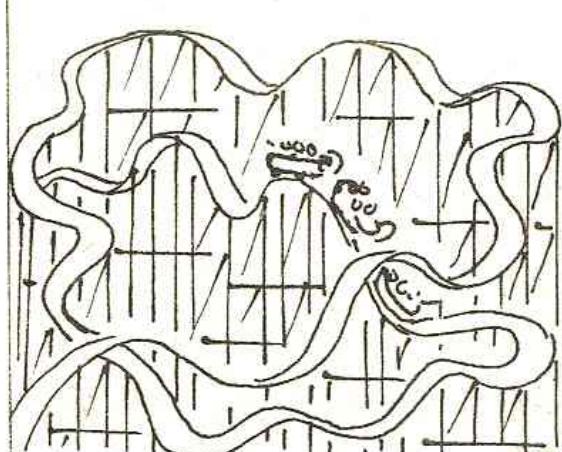
Address \_\_\_\_\_

WHEN THE GODS WERE OUT OF THEIR GOURDS...

# DID OUTER-SPACE MEN BUILD CONEY ISLAND?



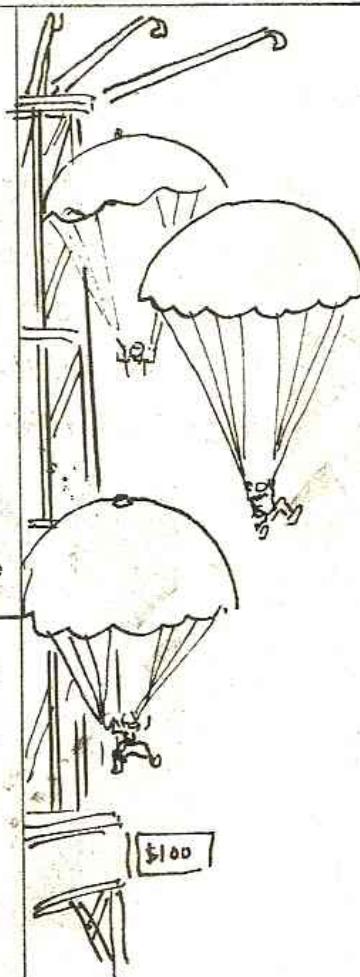
FERRIS WHEEL OR GIANT CARBURETOR?  
YOU DECIDE!



For years this structure was thought to be a scenic-railway. But Dr. von Grossfibber now reveals it is a petrified strip of lasagna. Some spaceman's lunch, perhaps?



Famed park entrance is really an alien idol — God of Big-Mouthedness, Bil-ee Cah-tuh.



What some believed a parachute jump was actually a clothes line for alien handkerchiefs, says Dr. von Grossfibber.

## EMINENT SCIENTIST AND DEEP THINKER ASKS, "VY NOT?"

Did aliens land at Coney Island and leave behind the devices we think of as amusement park rides?

Wolf von Grossfibber, famed author, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, chemist, physicist, typist, historian, explorer, computer expert and liar believes they did!

"All the signs point to it." In proof, he held up three metal arrows marked,



Dr. Wolf von Grossfibber and two aides.



von Grossfibber admits this is a cone — but a missile nose cone that ran into a misplaced igloo during the ice age. To reveal its secret alien design, turn picture upside down — or stand on your head.

### "Coney Island"

"These were doubtless markers fired by the spacemen."

When we asked if they couldn't be police direction arrows and, if not, what did the P.D. on them stand for, he said:

"Pretty Dumb!" and hit us with all three arrows.

Dr. G's newest book, "I met the tooth fairy!" may top his best seller, "The Pyramid Was a Spacemen's Bathroom". Nice fibbing, Dr. Grossworker.

# Dame Drybble Leakey

Last of the red-hot witches says

From her secret coven, Witch Leakey reveals your future. (For map of secret coven, send \$3 to, Dame Leakey, Tinkle-on-the-Thames, England.)

## — Aries —

Romance lies ahead — but it may take a while... 20 or 30 years. So play it safe until then. Don't eat anything beginning with "R" and stay in bed.

## — Leo —

You will do a lot of traveling — but not just yet. You are easily hurt. Don't play with razor blades and stay in bed.

## — Sagittarius —

Money could be a problem for you this month. Get rid of it. Send it to me at address above. Avoid all strain. Stay in bed.

## — Taurus —

This is my last warning. Avoid cross-eyed alligators with bad breath. I am not jesting. Don't wash your hands for 40 days. And, to play it safe, stay in bed.

# *the stars KNOW everything*

## — Aquarius —

You are about to hear of a great new money-making scheme. As soon as you do, contact me and I will split it with you. Protect yourself until then, partner. Stay in bed.

## — Cancer —

Health problems. Eat nothing that grows in the ground. Boil your fingers before every meal. Stop visiting leper colonies. Stay in bed.

## — Scorpio —

You can make an easy score — perhaps millions. But it would be immoral. Don't do it. Send me the sucker's name so I may pray for him. Above all, stay in bed.

## — Pisces —

This is my favorite sign, because it's mine! We are energetic, forceful, positive and never lie around in bed like so many bums you see these days — Good luck to us!

Hollywood Columnist and  
Industrial Spy

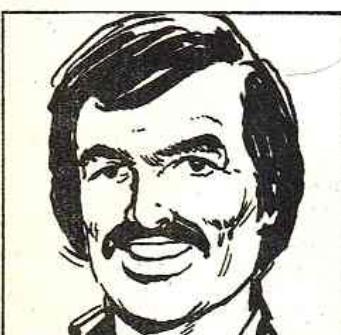
# BLONDA BLABBIT says the stars TELL everything

Hello again from Hollywood! When I first started my brave defense of freedom of the press by tapping phones and hiding cameras in stars toilets, you should have heard the fraidy cats scream!

But now that I have 60,000,000 readers, it's another story — and they're all dying to tell it! Well, get on line, starsees! The confessions begin here!



"When I was broke I did anything for a buck, including selling that worst of all perfumes, 'My Love' by Stinquee of Paris. I'm glad to make a clean breast of it."



"I arrived in Hollywood with sixteen suitcases and no talent. So I stole my smile from Johnny Carson, my funny delivery from Groucho Marx, my dirty talk from Hugh Hefner's Barber and my toupee from Frank Sinatra. I'm glad to get this off my chest!"

Burt Rainholes: I stole!

Rachel Belch: I sold my love!

Barbwa Strident: I never used my own voice

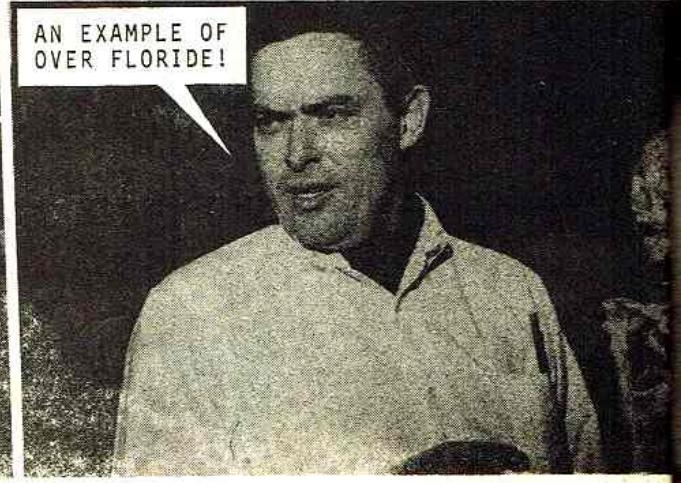
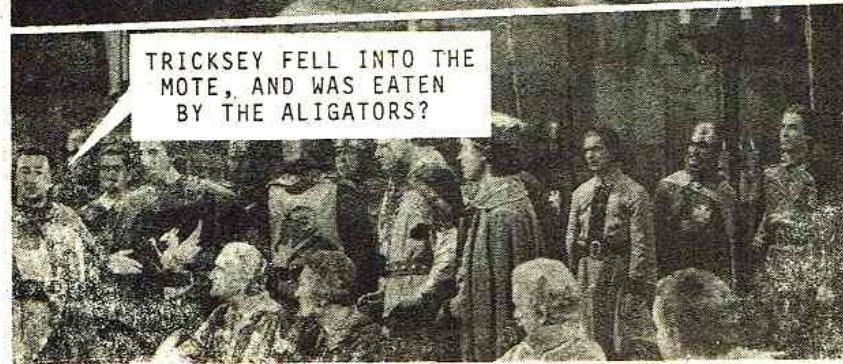
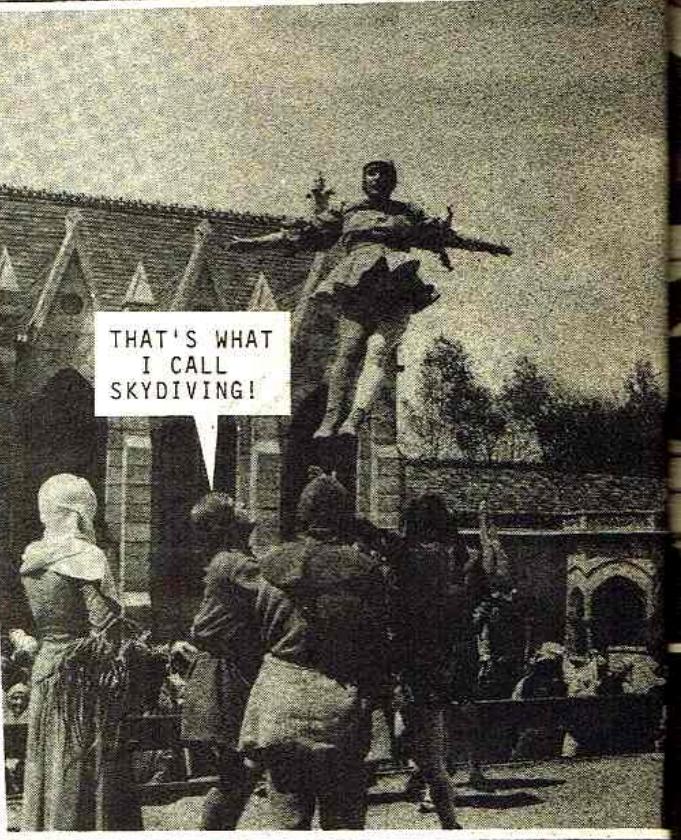
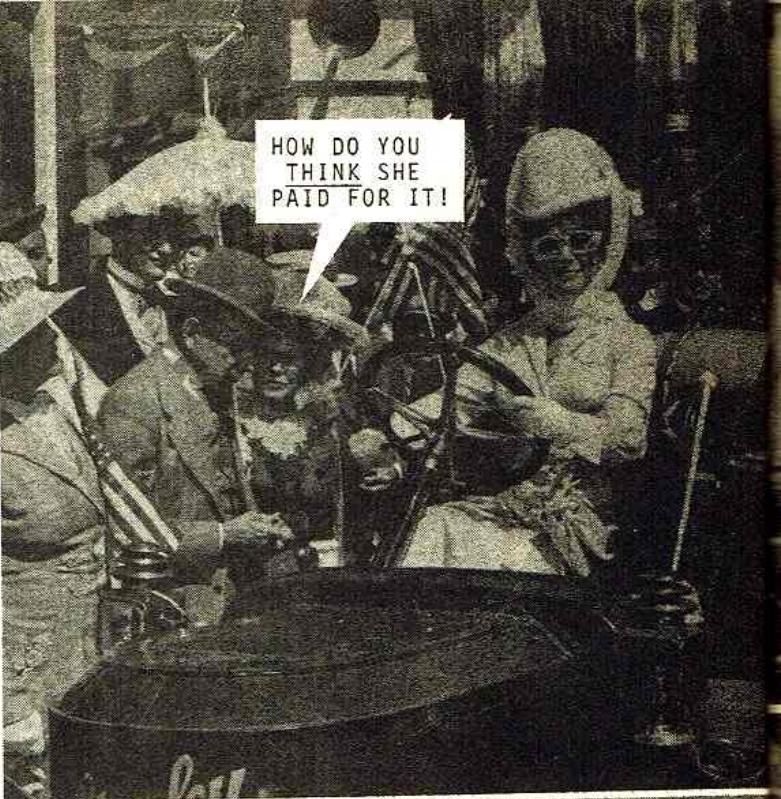
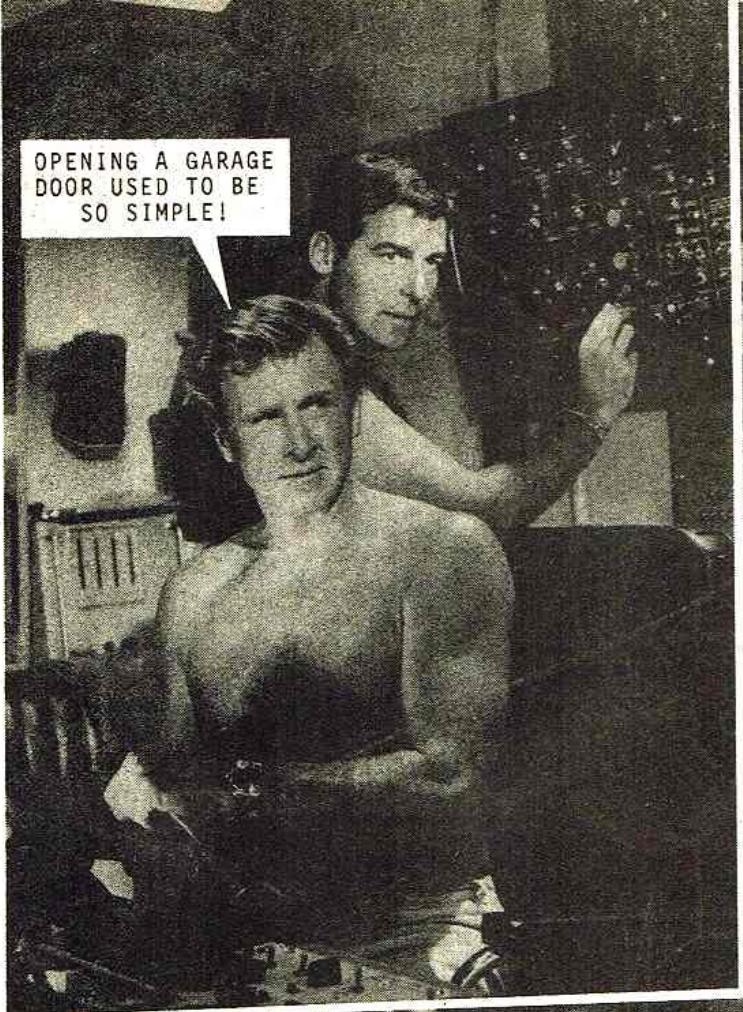
Jane Flounder: My father beat me mercilessly!

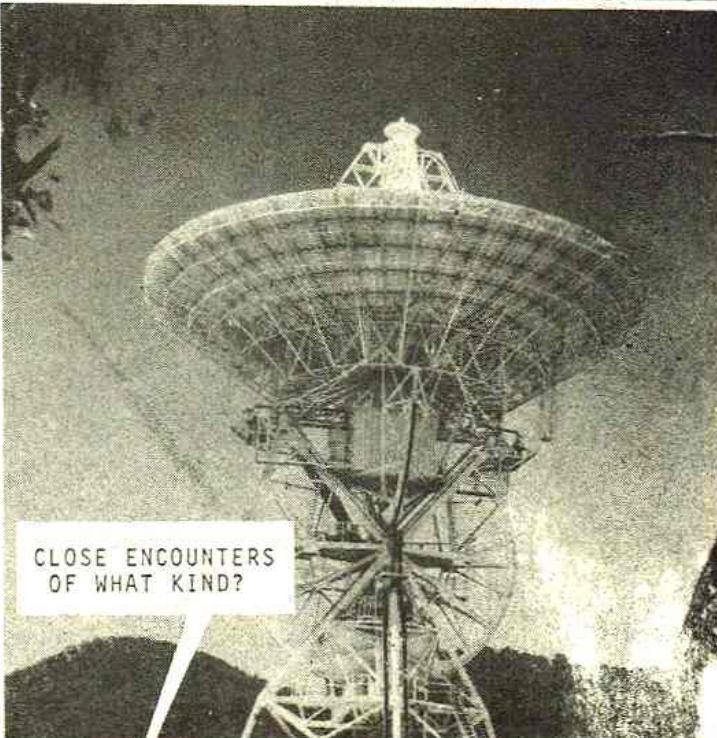
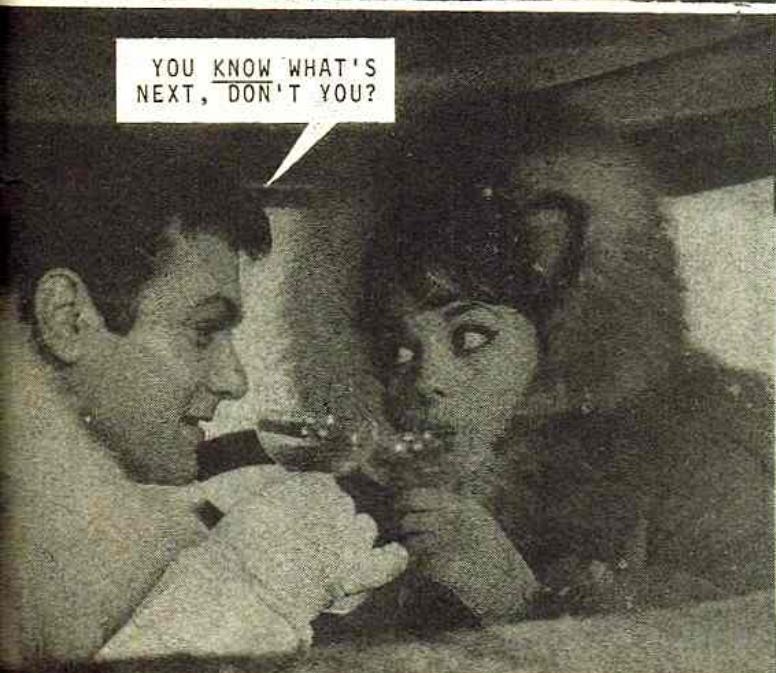
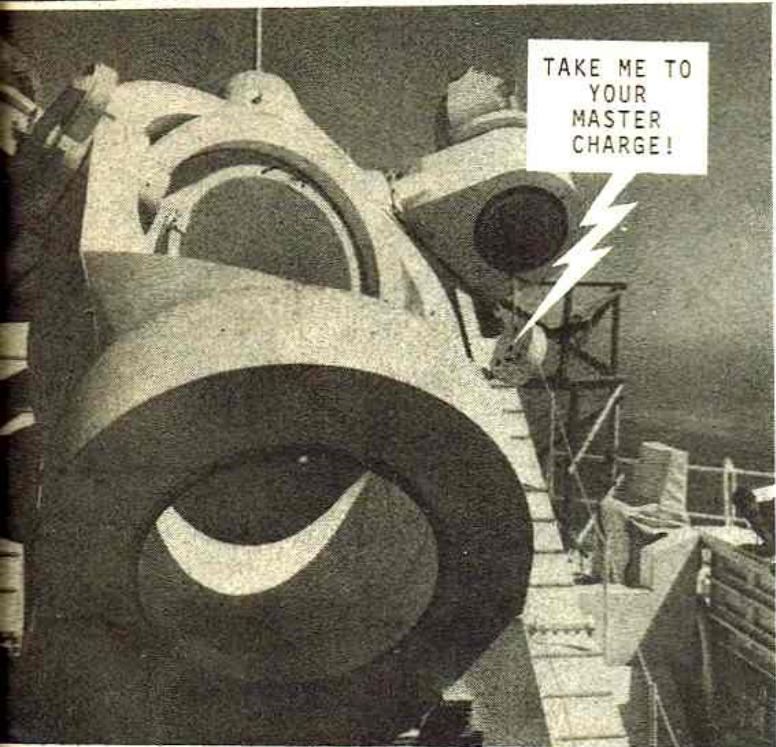
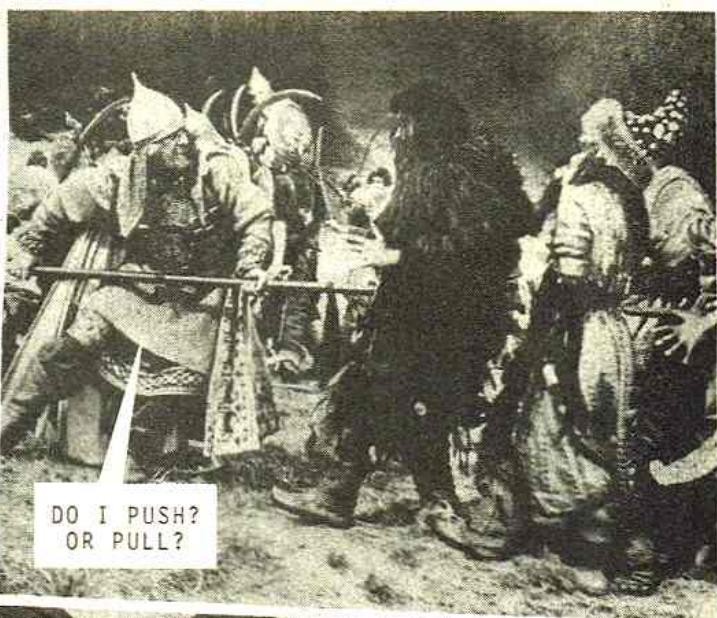


"The block I grew up on was so tough that you had to hit first and speak after! For fifteen years I never used my voice. But I developed a great left hook — in my nose! I'm glad to tell all now because it means you can't blackmail me anymore, Barbwa!"

"When I ws a child, my father, screen star Henry Flounder, loved to play games with me. Not kiddy games, either. He taught me chess at two! I lost 14,000 games to him and never won one. He beat me mercilessly. But I got even when I grew up. I broke his G.A.F. camera and lowered his face lift! And that's the whole tooth!!"

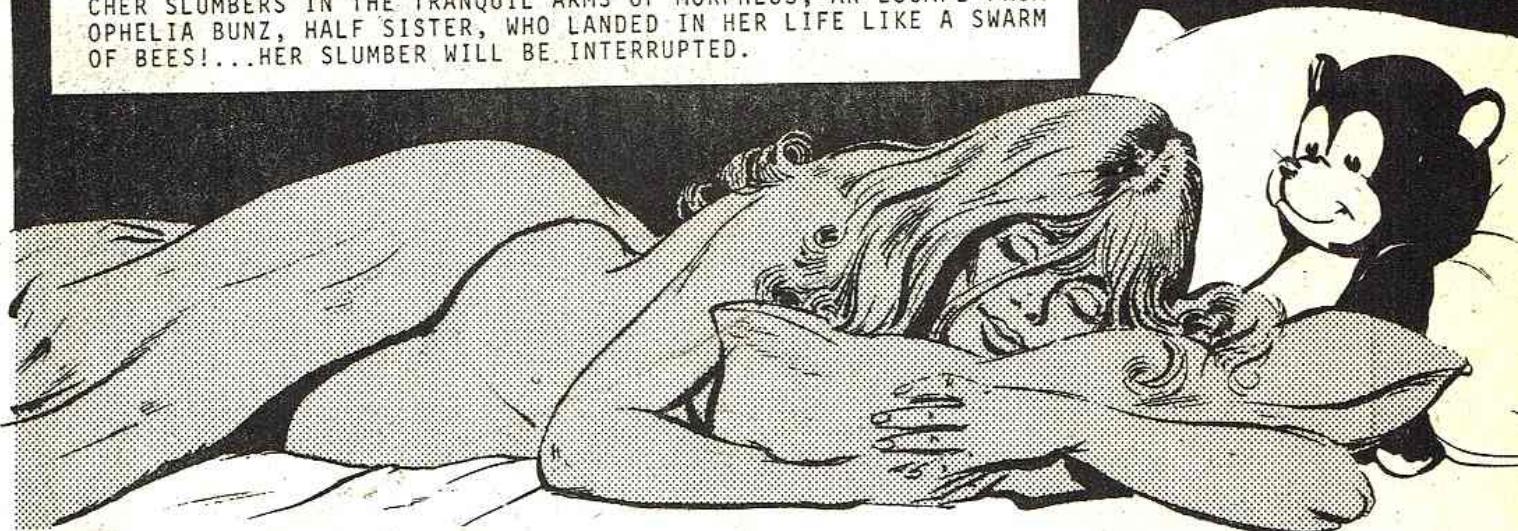




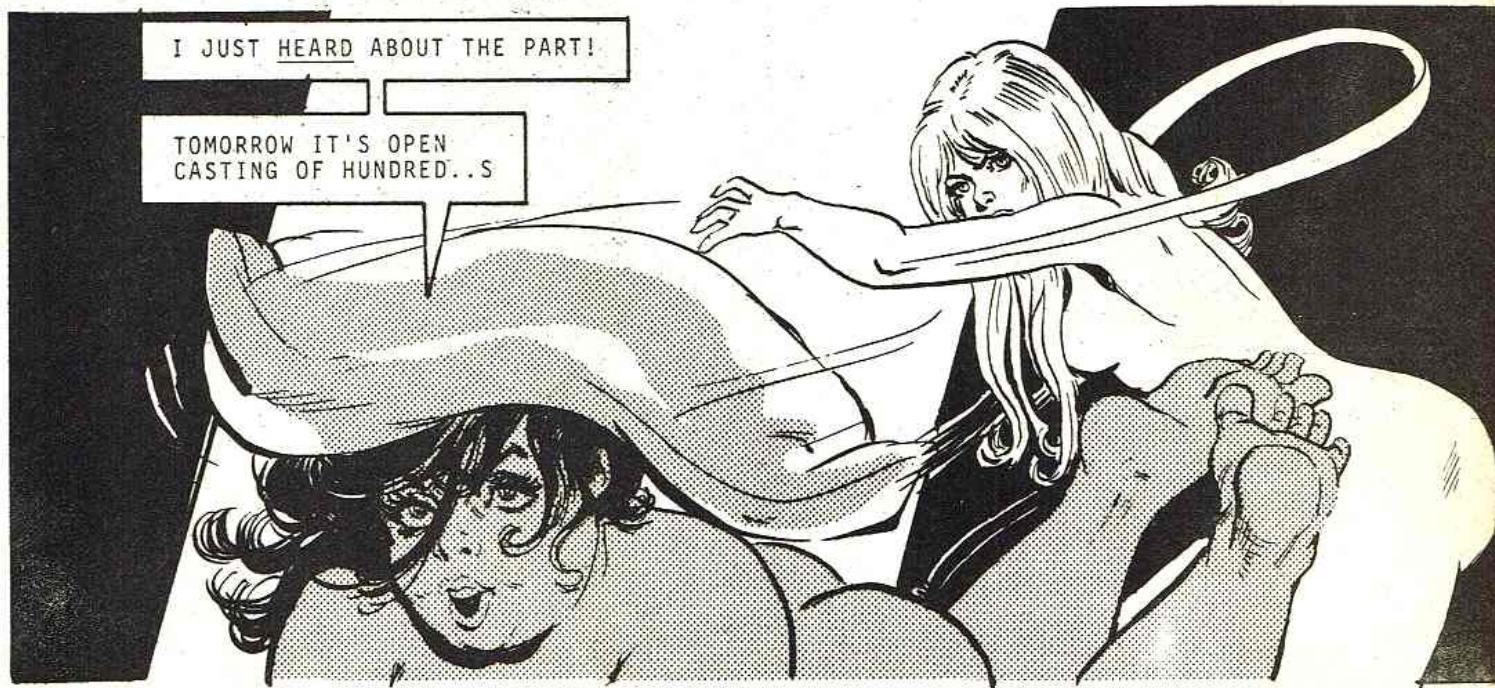
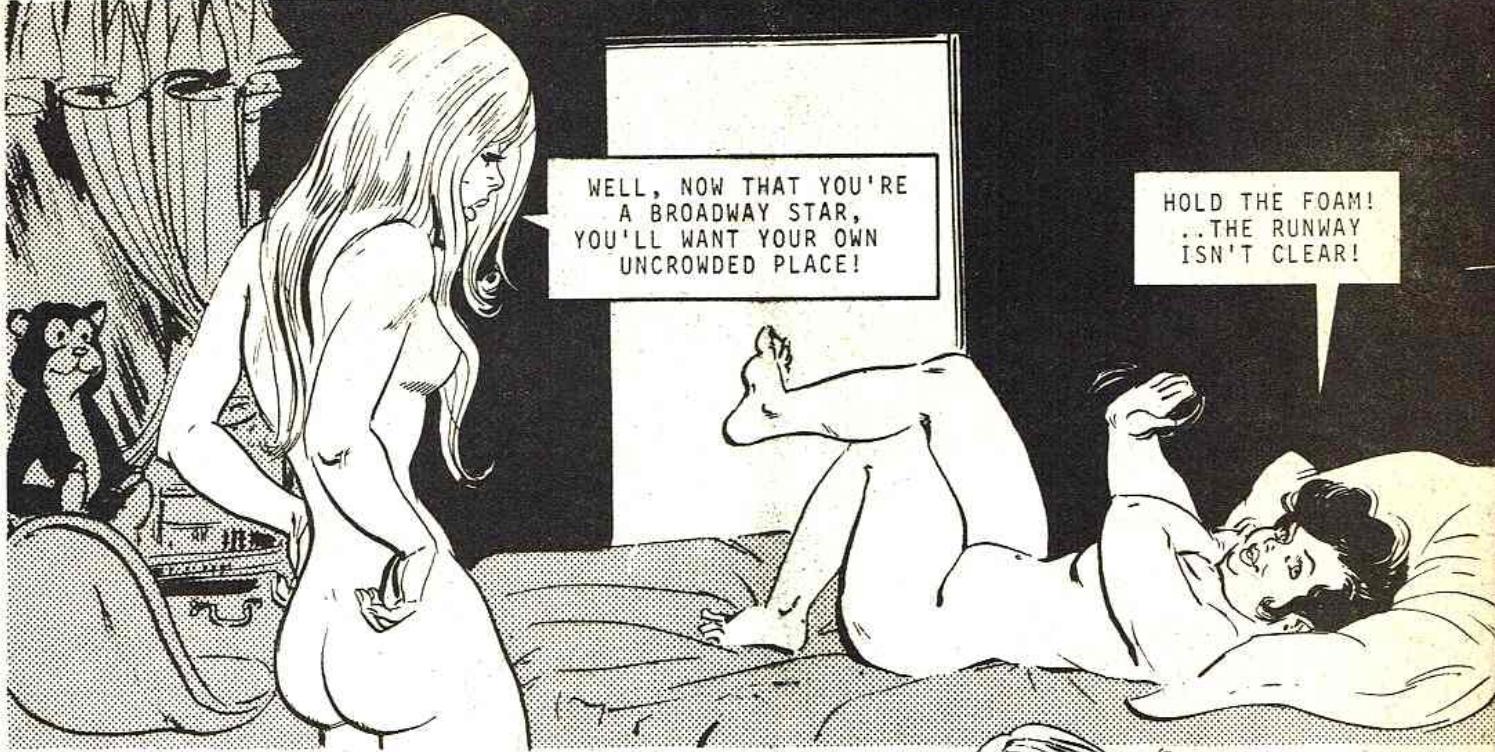


# CHER D'FLOWER

CHER SLUMBERS IN THE TRANQUIL ARMS OF MORPHEUS, AN ESCAPE FROM OPHELIA BUNZ, HALF SISTER, WHO LANDED IN HER LIFE LIKE A SWARM OF BEES!...HER SLUMBER WILL BE INTERRUPTED.







WHAT PART  
HAVE I GOT?

LET  
ME  
GUESS!

YOU'RE A RADIATOR  
ORNAMENT FOR A FAT  
ROLLS ROYCE!

NO, SILLY, I'M THE UPSTAIRS  
MAID CURTSEYING!

IS THAT M-A-I-D?!  
OR M-A-D-E!

We'd like to THANK you for getting SICK!

WE WISH EVERYONE WAS!



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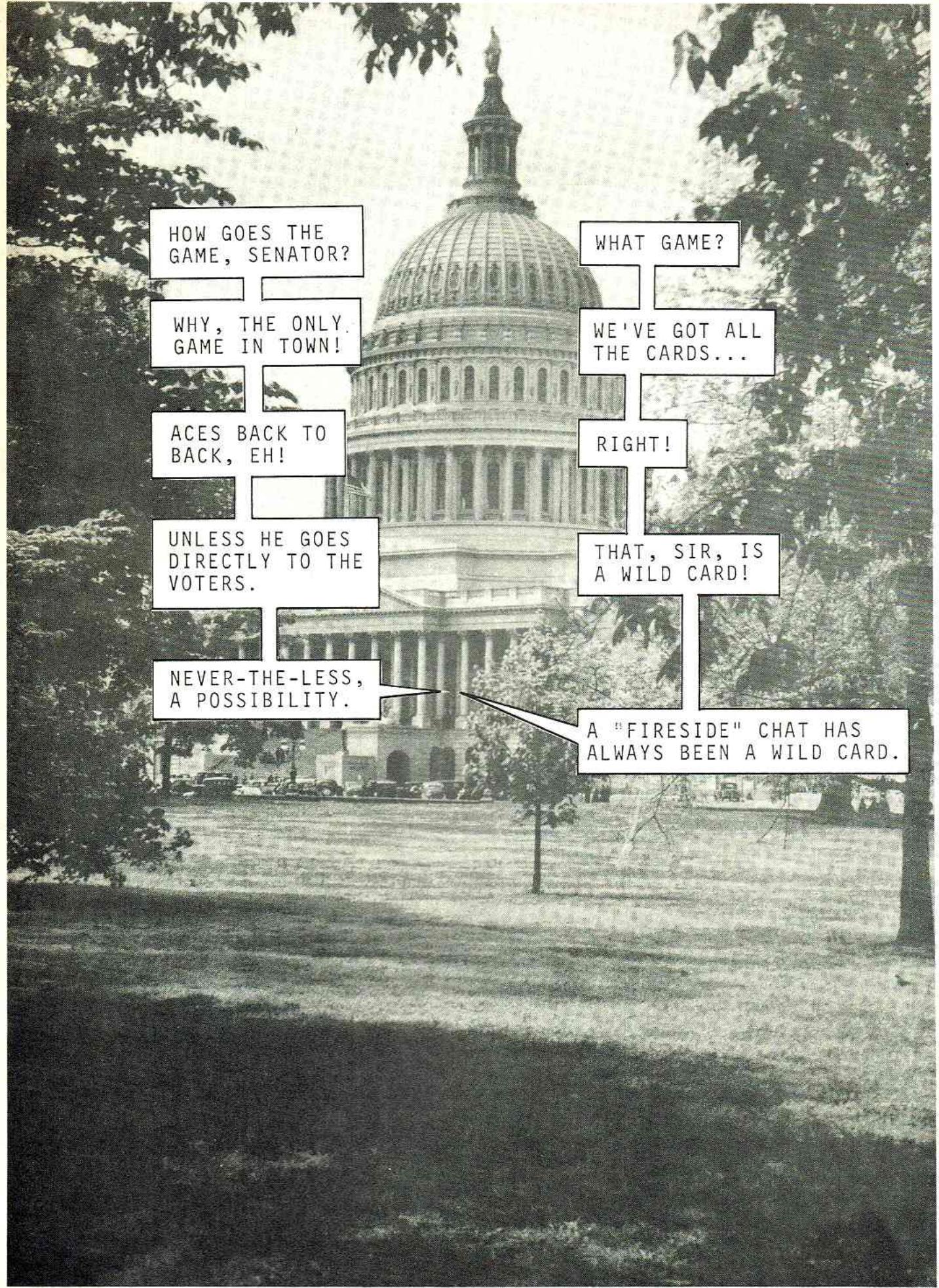
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Renewal

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HOW GOES THE GAME, SENATOR?

WHAT GAME?

WHY, THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN!

WE'VE GOT ALL THE CARDS...

ACES BACK TO BACK, EH!

RIGHT!

UNLESS HE GOES DIRECTLY TO THE VOTERS.

THAT, SIR, IS A WILD CARD!

NEVER-THE-LESS, A POSSIBILITY.

A "FIRESIDE" CHAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A WILD CARD.

